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# The True Witness,

AND

CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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NO. 34.

## NORA BRADY'S VOW.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

### CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"True enough for you; but there's no telling who the grace of God is with, and who it isn't, in a dying hour. Anyway, I hope his reverence will come. I will go for Dr. Bryant, if you will go in, Miss Brady, and sit with widow Blake, who's a decent, hard-working crayther as ever broke bread."

"Of course I'll wait, Mr. McGinnis, and see if I can be of some use, too," replied Nora, going into the house, and entering a small room which communicated with another by an old-fashioned, narrow door. Two or three women were sitting around, taking snuff, and suggesting to each other a thousand infallible remedies for the sick person's relief, which in their own experience had worked miracles.—Mrs. Blake now bustled in to get the vinegar, and in her hurry almost stumbled over Nora, who said, with a modest air, "I came with Mr. McGinnis, ma'am. He is gone for the doctor, and I shall be glad if I can help you at all."

"Well, I don't know about help—poor gentleman! he's dying, I think. I wish to God we could find his friends," said kind-hearted, fat Mrs. Blake, in a distracted manner. "But come in, honey, and see what you think."

Nora followed her with a timid step into the small, dingy room. On a bed in the corner the sick man lay; but she could not see his face, or even his person, because there were two or three women grouped around him, attracted by that strange fascination which the appearance of death always presents to the living.—The atmosphere of the room was stifling from the heat of the stove and the number of breaths in it, and Nora quietly opened the door and raised the window a little way, then resumed her seat. A dip candle burned in a tin candlestick, on a table which stood in a recess beside the chimney, and the flickering shadows it cast on the wall, with the quick, gasping sobs of the unconscious man, filled Nora's heart with a nameless terror; a weakness and trembling came over her, and a strong desire, which is common under such circumstances, took possession of her, to look on the sufferer's face.—She approached the bed and quietly waited until one of the women moved away, then looked down on the white convulsed features before her. Was she dreaming? Was she bereft of her senses and subject to an illusion, that John Halloran's name was blended with the low, sharp cry that burst from her lips? She flew across the room, snatched up the candlestick and brought it to the bedside, and, holding it close to the face of the dying man, scanned his features, and gently lifted the dark, clustering masses of hair back from his temples and forehead. "It is his blessed self, thanks be to God!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears; "it is my poor master, Mr. Halloran!"

At that moment McGinnis returned with Dr. Bryant, who was soon followed by a clergyman; and words cannot paint the amazement of the whole party when they learned that the unconscious man before them was the noble, the brave, the beloved John Halloran, whom they had all loved without having ever seen. The physician ordered the room to be cleared, and requested the clergyman and Thomas McGinnis to assist him. As to Nora, she knelt quietly in a corner of the next room, pouring out her soul to God, and pleading earnestly for the restoration of the stricken man, who was one of that hard about whom the tenacious fibers of her heart's warm love had been clinging for years.

And she felt that her Father in Heaven would succor him.

She would now claim help from Mr. Malloy.

And she thanked God, and felt comforted that in the publisher who had so kindly assisted her Mr. Halloran had a friend.

### CHAPTER IX.

"Oh, blessed be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,  
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee;  
And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,  
Oh, pray to them sweetly, my baby, with me,  
And say thou wouldst rather they'd watch o'er thy father;  
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."

The rich autumnal glories, the burnished shadows of golden sunlight, were over. The thrush had sung her lust song on the moss-covered turrets of the ruined abbey of Fada-Brace, and a wild, cold wind had swept down from the Galties, like on "army with banners," and torn away the few withered leaves which had been left clinging, like human hopes to earthly promises, to the bare and gnarled branches overhead. For two months no letter had come from Nora Brady, and heart-sick with anxiety, Mrs. Halloran had almost ceased hoping to hear from her husband. Innumerable fears assailed her, and her imagination was filled with anticipations of some terrible

disaster having befallen him,—of loneliness, illness, and perhaps death, in the land of the stranger. It is true that the roads had been almost impossible for weeks, and there was no way of sending to Buttevant unless Dennis Byrne walked there; and that was impossible on account of the frequent storms, the swollen streams, and the piled-up snow-drifts. Many of her old friends and neighbors around Glendariff, Protestants and Catholics, had made a day's journey to see her during the fine autumnal weather, and had cheered her somewhat by their hearty sympathy and the *on-dits* of amusing or interesting news which they imparted. They all knew Mary Halloran's poverty; but, not daring to offer pecuniary assistance, which they were well assured her pride would reject, their generous Celtic hearts suggested many modes of aiding without offending her sensitive delicacy; and many a hamper of game, wine and delicacies of various kinds, found their way mysteriously into her parlour, which caused Dennis the full exercise of his ingenuity and imagination to account for, by telling her plausible tales of wonderful purchases when he went to Buttevant with butter and eggs; and it was edifying to observe his patience when she gently reproved him for his extravagance.

"You know, Dennis, that we are poor, quite poor, now, and we must live according to our means," said Mrs. Halloran, on one occasion. "It is no disgrace to be poor, since our Lord Himself chose a life of poverty while He was on earth; but it is disgraceful to go beyond your means and get others into difficulties to support our pride."

"Bad seran, then, ma'am, to the difficulties I'll ever bring anybody into by my extravagance. It's all ped for, sure; and it would be a mortal shame for a lady born and raised like yourself to suffer for delicacies and the like, that you've been used to from your cradle.—My things fetch a great price at Buttevant and other places. Faith! and there's no butter sells like the Brae butter, after all."

"Thank you kindly, Dennis, for thinking of me; but we can do with less and more common food. Do not purchase any more game or wine; we have enough to last a year already," she said, with a half smile on her sad countenance.

"She'll have to know it afore long," said poor Dennis, as Mrs. Halloran went away, while a puzzled expression settled on his countenance. "The blight is on the potatoes; they're rotted black in the ground everywhere, and I've been buying everything, until there's but little of my own left; and as to selling off the old MacCarthy More silver and jewels, the few that's left, why, agr! it's not to be done at all; for, as sure as God rules, they'll come to their rights again." And between him and Ellen there was as much state kept up around the wreck of Mary Halloran's fallen fortunes as if she had been a captive queen. She was tended with a watchfulness and care, and all her wishes anticipated with a fidelity, which can find no parallel under the sun, *out of Ireland*. Dennis generally circulated around the table at meal-time with an antique silver salver in his hand, and Ellen was as scrupulous about the courses at dinner as if there had been a banquet, instead of the too frequently poor meal of bread, cheese, and tea. The children were daily drilled into the importance of using their silver forks and table-napkins properly, and were in a fair way to believe that it was a much better thing to be poor gentry than rich parvenues. They were never allowed to do anything for themselves when either of their faithful guardians was present.

"It's not becoming, sir, or miss," Dennis would say, "for one of the old stock like yourself to be letting yourself down to do such a thing when there's servants to the fore. Ye come of the old princes of Munster, and it's no use to try and make yourself like common people; because it ain't in human nature to do it. You might as well attempt to wash Major O'Grady's nagur coachman white in the Seine. What God made us is, and not all devil informers, with the English to help, can *unmake* it."

"And it's a true word ye've spoken, Denny," Ellen would chime in; "and it's just as hard to make a silk purse out of a pig's ear, as it is to make real gentry out of them that hasn't got the ould droop in their blood."

And through those sad, dim days when desolate winter lay around them, and the vacant places in the household made a winter within, the star of hope waxed dimmer in Mary Halloran's heart, and her steps grew feeble and slow, while smiles became strangers to the face which had once seemed to be created for them. The children, with their games and pictures, a pet rabbit, and a white dove which a lady had brought to little Gracie, were quite happy.—The heaven abiding in the breasts of little children, makes all places alike to them, if they have those with them whom they love. Ancestral homes, magnificent furniture, and the appliances of wealth are but small things to those little ones whom Jesus loved; they value them as lightly and wear the insignia of wealth as loosely as should Christians of an older growth, who are directed to little children as

to their best example. The bright free air, the blue sky, the glory of sunlight, the song of birds, the fragrance of flowers, enter largely into the world of a child's happiness; and these Mary Halloran's children had in precious abundance at Fada-Brace. Ere the winter set in, they had lived out on the brae-side in the fresh air and sunshine, gazing down into the beautiful glen below them, or beyond at the wild chain of mountains that inclosed the valley, and in their glee wishing for wings to fly whithersoever they pleased. Desmond brought into the closed-up dwelling the free glad spirit that had made the hill-sides reecho with his glee, and, like a winter flower, cheered the silent ones around him. But Gracie was drooping. She was wasting. The rosetint faded from her cheeks and she often complained of feeling tired; but that was all; there was no fever or pain; and Mrs. Halloran hoped that it was only the in-door confinement which affected her. One morning Desmond and herself had been playing together, when she suddenly became silent, and sat down in her little chair, and, folding her beautiful hands together, became motionless and abstracted. It was her way whenever a new idea or thought was suggested to her which she could not exactly solve. Her mother observed her,—for, uneasy concerning her, she watched every movement,—but did not speak; she only wondered what puzzled the "little lady," for she well knew that she would come presently with her difficulties to her. While she sat thus, with her blue eyes cast down in reverie, her dove flew down and nestled in her arms. She kissed the gentle creature's head, and smoothed the snowy wings with her hands, which were scarcely less white, and said,—

"Birdie, where do the flowers go to when winter comes? Tell me, Birdie. But, ah! what a pity you cannot talk, beautiful white Birdie! I shall have to ask my mamma."

"What is it, little daughter?" said Mrs. Halloran.

"Mamma, can you tell me where the flowers hide themselves when the frost and snow come? They don't die, for they come back in the very same places, in the spring, that they were before; so they must creep away and hide—the cunning little things!—in the earth." And she laughed at her own conceit.

"No; only the leaves die, dear one. The root, which holds the true life of the flower, remains in the earth; and when the warm sunshine and the soft spring rains come, it opens its bosom and sends forth the leaf and the flower again," said Mrs. Halloran, caressing the beautiful head which leaned on her bosom.

"And, mamma, would the flowers come out if the roots were not buried in the earth? It seems cruel to leave the poor roots out in the frozen earth all the winter."

"They must be buried in the earth to bring forth flowers," said Mrs. Halloran.

"Is that the reason," she asked, suddenly, "they laid Mary Flynn's little child in the churchyard, mamma?"

"Little children who are laid in the earth, Gracie darling, are like the roots; only their souls, which is the flower, bloom in heaven.—They could not see God without passing through death and the grave. Heaven is their spring and eternal summer; God is their sunshine; and the earth holds their bodies until the great day comes for all the world to be judged: then, little darling, those dear innocent ones who sleep in the dust shall arise, filled with new life and brightness, never to know death again."

"And will they have wings like Birdie, mamma?"

"Yes,—soft, white wings, like Birdie."

"I wish I might be planted in the earth, mamma,—that I might awake in heaven,—that I might have wings like my dear dove."

"My child!"

"Mamma, I would ask my heavenly Father to let me fly back again and watch around my dear, dear papa, who is so far away. Oh, I know I shall never, never see him again!" she said, while she threw herself on her mother's breast, weeping.

"Oh, yes; we shall surely see him again.—You must not think so; for it would grieve him, because you are the dearest little birdie of his heart; so come, let us sing something he used to love," said Mrs. Halloran, with a feeling of indefinite dread in her heart as she uncovered her harp and ran her fingers over the strings. The child leaned against her, and the entrancing music lured her away from her strange mood, and, lifting up her sweet, tiny voice, she sang smilingly the strains that used to ring through the happy home at Glendariff.—But the next day the "little lady" drooped, and often, leaning against her mother, complained of being very tired: then day by day the bloom faded out of her cheeks, and her footsteps became faltering and uncertain, and at last she reclined on the lounge near the fire all the time, or sat in her little cushioned chair beside her mother, silently caressing her white dove or whispering to her doll. One morning Mrs. Halloran observed her leaning back on the lounge very pale. Alarmed, she caught her up to her bosom, and, folding her arms about her, said,—

"What ails my darling? Tell me what hurts you."

"Only my head,—a little; and I feel so tired," she said, faintly.

"Only her head! Oh, Heaven!" said Mrs. Halloran, wildly. "Dennis! Ellen! Desmond! come, some of you, instantly!"

Dennis happened to be in the dining-room at the moment, and ran in.

"Gracie is very ill, Dennis; I fear the child is very ill; and I must have a physician immediately," said Mrs. Halloran.

"I'll go right off at once, ma'am, for Dr. Ward. It's but a step from here to his house; and if he's not there, I'll go over for Father Hanlon, who is as good a doctor as any in the country. There's nothing like the *soggyrth*, after all, for the sick," exclaimed Dennis, hurrying away on his errand, heedless of the three miles of broken and unfrequented road between Fada-Brace and Dr. Ward's place. The snow-drifts and the steep slippery paths were nothing to that warm and generous heart; he had loved the child from her babyhood, and was scarcely less distressed than the mother at the idea of her being in danger.

The doctor came toward evening; he examined the child's pulse, and looked at her tongue; he talked cheerfully and in pleasant tones to her; but she was languid and silent, making no complaint, except that her "head hurt her little,—not much."

"I fear," said the medical man, "that a slow fever is coming on; but in this early stage there are many efficacious remedies for it. There's not much the matter now, but I will leave some medicine, Mrs. Halloran, and call again to-morrow. We'll have you well, pretty one, by the time the cuckoo sings." Gracie smiled one of her quiet smiles, and held out her beautiful hand when the doctor said goodbye.

Now, fully aroused to a sense of the child's danger, and her maternal instincts ever on the watch for the slightest change, other sorrows were forgotten. The doctor came again and again; he changed the medicines, he alternated the nourishment; but she faded and drooped, she wasted and grew paler every day. With her mother's hand in hers, she would lie quiet for hours together. Sometimes she would start with a happy smile from her fitful slumbers, saying, "I thought papa was here." "I thought I had wings like Birdie's," Desmond, anxious and sorrowful, crept in and out, and spoke in low, whispered tones, when he brought her toys and pictures, hoping to interest her as of old; and if he could win a single smile from her he was quite consoled and happy. Ellen would sit down and tell her, over and over again, the fairy-tales she used to hear with such delight, and saw in the kindling eyes and flushed cheeks of "her baby," as she used to call her, a bright promise of her growing better. But Dennis could find no comfort.—Twenty times a day would he creep in and look at her, then go out with noiseless steps, and say, "Inagh! sure she's fallin' like a snow-drop. Oohone! but it'll be the heaviest news of all to Mither Halloran! Glory to God! but surely our 'little lady' will be the fairest angel of them all."

Father Hanlon came frequently to visit and comfort Mrs. Halloran; he spoke words of consolation and sympathy to her; but in his heart he rejoiced that another soul was about to be housed from life's tempests and evils, that another one of the elect was about to pass away into eternal possessions; for surely of the predestined are little children who die in their innocence.

Mrs. Halloran never left her side for an instant: day and night she watched her, slumbering sometimes during the broken sleep of Gracie, but starting up at the slightest movement. Her restless hands were ever busied about her, changing her position, smoothing her pillow, with a thousand other nameless little cares which maternal love suggested. She could not hear that any other one should nurse her, so jealous was she of every moment that she lingered. But amidst it all there was an unacknowledged hope that her ceaseless care and tender nursing would bring her through; for the doctor still assured her there was not much the matter.

"Open the window, mamma, by my bed," she asked, one evening.

The window was opened, and in flowed a gold and crimson flood of sunset. The sky, like a "sea of fire," glowed behind the ragged and wild cliffs of the Galties, and above, in the blue, silent depths, a few splendid cloud-spots floated. The child looked out long and thoughtfully; then, turning her full, beautiful eyes on her mother's face, she said,—

"When I die, and go away up there, and have wings like Birdie's, can I see you every day through these windows?"

"Die! Oh, my child, why talk of dying? Do you wish to die?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And not afraid, my own?"

"No, ma'am,—not afraid."

Then, as if an angel had whispered it, Mary Halloran knew that her child was surely passing away from her; and, leaning her head down on the pillow, she wept in silence. She

already felt the glow from the fiery furnace into which her bereaved heart was to be cast; she already tasted the bitterness of the cup she was to drink.

The next day she sat watching and weeping. The child lay still, but breathing quick and low. A footstep sounded on the threshold.—She started, looked up, and her kinsman, Donald More, stood before her,—the destroyer of her peace, the spoiler of her home.

"I could not find the servants; so you must pardon me, Cousin Mary, for announcing myself so unceremoniously," he said, with an easy air.

"Why come you here at all?" said Mrs. Halloran, rising, and standing between the sick child and the unwelcome intruder.

"I came to inquire after my kinswoman's health," he said, with an air of effrontery. "I hope I find you well."

"Insolent!" she murmured, while the blood, receding from her face, left it very white; but she thought of the dying child, and the storm was calmed.

"This is no place for you, Donald More," she said, calmly. "I pray you go away. Your being here disturbs me."

"I am sorry to hear that, Mary. I came with far other intentions. I wish to be your friend and your children's friend."

"Friend!" she said, with bitter scorn depicted in every feature. "You do not understand the meaning of the word. We do not need your friendship, even if you did; nor could I accept it for myself or them. All I ask is that you go away."

"I came on an errand which deserves a better reception, Mary. I know you despise me and regard me as the enemy of your household; but I only did my duty, and government chose to reward me with a grant of the Glendariff estate. I had reasons for not refusing. It is far better for it to be in my possession than in a stranger's; and now I promise, before God, that on certain conditions, it shall return to your branch of the family again."

"And what may those conditions be? But speak softly; my child is ill."

"Well, listen. I have made up my mind never to marry—why, *me belle cousin* knows; and I have come to the determination, with your consent, to adopt Desmond, provided I can prevail on him to give up the superstitions and follies of the Romish Church and adopt the Protestant Creed."

Donald More had lost all caste. Protestants spoke coldly to him, and avoided him; the Catholic gentry absolutely cut him with every mark of contempt; while the lower classes regarded him with distrust and hatred; for all alike in Ireland detest the *infamer*; and for the sake of recovering a position he had fallen on this plan, knowing well that an act of justice to John Halloran's family would be the best recommendation he could offer. He was so full of it, and so sanguine of success, that he was scarcely prepared for what followed.

"You have said your say, Donald More; now listen to mine," said Mrs. Halloran, while her fragile form dilated with indignation.—

"Child of mine shall never be your heir.—There lies one, dying. Rather would I consign them both to the grave than accede to your base proposal. Let them be beggared, my God! or return to Thee, if Thou wilt it; but through all preserve to them the gift of Faith. No, Mr. More: it is out of your power to serve me or mine."

"You will think better of it, Mary!"

"I am defenseless, sir. I refuse your proposal decidedly. I have told you that your presence is painful and unwelcome. Shall I have to tell you more emphatically that you are an intruder?" she replied.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mary. It is the way of women to get into the heroics. I shall go away presently, but will return in a few weeks to know the result of your considerations on the subject. One thing you cannot refuse me: I must kiss that child. She is one of the few things I have ever loved, Mary,—little, dainty lady," he said, while the nearest approach to tenderness he had in his nature gathered on his features.

"Do not touch her, I beseech you, sir," said Mrs. Halloran, leaning over the child. "Do not touch her. You might awaken and terrify her."

But the whispering had awakened her: she looked around with a bright, eager expression, then lifted her eyes to her mother's, saying, "I thought he was here."

"Who, darling?"

"My papa! Cousin Donald, how do you do?" she said, reaching out her dainty and beautiful little hand. "Bring my papa back, Cousin Donald, and take my mamma to Glendariff."

"Why, Gracie, little lady, what ails you?"

"Nothing much; only I am so tired waiting for papa to come, it makes my head hurt me. I'm afraid I shall go away before he comes, for you know I'm going far, far away; but do you find him, Cousin Donald, and bring him to mamma and Desmond."

"I'll try, Gracie; but make haste and be well," he whispered, leaning over her. "When

I come again, I shall bring some beautiful French toys and pictures."

"Bring papa, and give my best love to him," she said, leaning back exhausted on the pillow. "Good-by, Cousin Donald; I am so tired."

"Do not come again, Donald More," said the agitated mother, going to the door with him. "There can be nothing in common between us. A wide gulf separates us. I will receive no favors from you; nor should John Halloran's children accept the slightest gift."

"Time, I hope, will soften your feelings," he said. "Farewell." Inexpressibly relieved by his absence, Mrs. Halloran returned to the bedside of the little one, who from that hour seemed to sink, or, rather, like some fair thing cradled on a wave to float gently away, without pain or suffering, toward eternity.

The next day Dennis brought a letter from Buttevant, which Mrs. Halloran tore open with eager expectation; but her face flushed up, and, throwing the letter from her, she sat for a few moments bewildered, trembling, and undecided. The letter was from her kinsman, begging her acceptance of a fifty-pound bill on the Bank of Ireland, which he inclosed. In a little while her determination was formed. She inclosed letter and bill together in an envelope, and, directing it to Donald More, Esq., of Glendarriff, handed it to Dennis Byrne, who had been waiting in hopes that the letter contained news from America.

"Dennis," she said, "if you wish to do me a service, go instantly with this to Buttevant and return it to the post-office. My cousin Donald has had the audacity to write to me. Yesterday he was here. I wish to return his letter without loss of time."

"Here, my lady? Why, then, it's a mortal sin I wasn't to the fore to welcome him," said Dennis; "for I declare to my soul it would have been the greatest pleasure I ever had, to put him at a brisker pace from Fada-Brach than he came to it."

"Be on the watch, then, Dennis; for he threatens to come again. But go now."

"Let him," said stout Dennis: "I declare to my sins I wouldn't desire better fun. But I'm going, my lady, after I hear how Miss Gracie is."

"She is very weak,—oh, very weak, Dennis."

"Thanks be to God, she'll go to heaven without much pain; an' I pray His holy name that the angels will welcome her with their sweetest songs,—inagh! But it'll be a hard blow on Mistorher Halloran," murmured Dennis, while he lingered a moment to look at the child, dashing off, as he did so, the tears that fell from his eyes.

That evening, Mrs. Gray, the Protestant rector's wife, who lived in the neighborhood, and who had been very kind in her attentions to Mrs. Halloran, drove up to Fada-Brae, and brought some beautiful clusters of grapes and flowers from her hothouse to the invalid. She was a gentle, kindly woman, and Mrs. Halloran was always glad to see her. Gracie was awake, and smiled when she saw the beautiful present, and, holding out her little, wasted hand, touched the fruit and flowers with the tips of her fingers, in the same dainty way she had always done when she saw anything beautiful which pleased her.

"Taste one, my darling," said her mother. "No, dear—but yes,—to please you, mamma."

They pressed a grape between her lips; and it seemed to sicken her; and she said, "I would rather look at them." Then they laid them where she could see them, and her innate love for the beautiful found a quiet joy in the sight.

Father Hanlon came in, and brought her a picture of our Lord blessing little children.—She looked at it long and earnestly, then gazed into his face with one of her earnest expressions, and held out her hand.

"You see, my dear, how Jesus loved little children. Their angels see the face of His Father in heaven; and He is always glad when they are gathered into His bosom."

"I love Him," she said, folding her attenuated hands then, Birdie, her dove, flew into the room, and perched on the cornice of the bedstead, where he sat, arching his white, graceful neck, and while he looked down with his soft gray eyes on her, began a low cooing. She lifted her eyes, and a bright smile flitted over her face; and, while they gazed with looks of love at each other, a deep slumber stole over her.

Mrs. Gray offered to sit up and relieve Mrs. Halloran; but she thanked her, saying she could not leave the child. Father Hanlon sprinkled the dying one with holy water and benediction together, and, laying his hand on Mrs. Halloran's head, lifted his eyes to heaven and besought God to strengthen and comfort her when the dark hour came—that hour so dark and bitter to a loving mother's heart,—and went away to visit a poor woman of the neighborhood who was dying.

The child's dreams, or visions, were pleasant and peaceful: angel arms pillowed her sinking head, and ever and anon far-off music stole around her; but she alone, led by bright-winged ones through the shadowy vale, heard it.—"They thought—these who watched her—that it was so, from the radiant smiles that flitted at times over her countenance and the few whispered words that fell from her lips. Her hand, folded in her mother's, began to grow cold." Mrs. Gray brought the candle to the bedside, and it was clear that death was creeping apace through her frame; but her breath was still low and soft.

"Is this death?" asked Mrs. Halloran, with trembling lips. "I fear so," was the reply. "Then, my merciful God," she exclaimed, throwing herself on her knees, "spare her the wild agony and bitter struggle. O angels! bear her gently away and shield her from wild affliction. Oh, my child! would that I might bear thee through the dark waters on my

bosom, and place thee in the hands of Him who gave thee!"

The dove, startled perhaps by the light, fluttered down and nestled close to the bosom of the child, within her arms, while faint and more low came up her breath. Dennis and Ellen, hearing the slight stir, came in, and knelt sobbing near the bed.

"She is passing away very sweetly, my friend," said Mrs. Gray. "Let us not disturb her. It would be sinful to break in on such rest."

At that moment the child stretched out her arms; a slight shiver passed over her frame; then truly she slept that sleep which shall know no waking until the Resurrection morn dawns on the weary earth.

For long weeks Mrs. Halloran lay unconscious and hovering on the verge of the grave. She knew not when the little coffin-lid was closed down on that clear face which was fairer than Parian marble, or when the white shrouded form was borne away and laid beneath the mould. Nor did she know of those long, loving letters which had come—all of them at once—from her husband and Nora, telling her of his safety and prosperity and of her happiness and hopes; nor of how the boy Desmond, grown as gentle as a girl, had watched her day after day, and how Ellen's tender care and Dennis Byrne's indefatigable efforts and unceasing attentions left nothing undone. Of all this, with the kind attentions of her friends around the neighborhood, she heard when, after long and weary months, she had been restored to life and increasing strength, and when, amid fast-falling tears, she used to talk unceasingly of the one that was gone, and loved to hear of the slightest thing connected or associated with her. She grieved much that the dove had flown away. Ellen told her that the last time she saw it it was nestled on the dead child's bosom; since then no one had seen it; and when at last, shrinking and with feeble steps, she visited the little grave, she found that some friendly heart had caused to be erected over it a costly and exquisitely-carved marble tomb, on which hung a garland of half-withered flowers. Over the tomb was a sculptured cross, from which a dove was rising toward heaven; but no one could tell who had paid this last touching tribute to the sorrows of the Halloran family.

(To be Continued.)

LENTEN ALLOCATION OF HIS HOLINESS PIUS IX.

On the occasion of the commencement of Lent the Sovereign Pontiff held the usual reception of all the Parish Priests of Rome, and of the Lenten Preachers. The Pope then addressed to them, in solemn and touching terms, an Allocation, which is translated as follows by the Tablet:—

It has pleased the Supreme Lord of all things to permit all that we now witness, all that afflicts us in these days; it has also pleased Him that His Vicar should be witness of the events that have so changed the aspect of the Capital of the Catholic world, that we may say of her to-day as it once was said of Sion, "All her ways mourn." And in truth this city, which is by her nature and by her title the centre of Catholicity, always has had an aspect full of gravity, e. g. that even when she gave herself up to some laudable recreation she still remained the City of the Saints. But at the present hour, alas! how is the pure gold become dim! Violence, injustice, and brutal force have overthrown our walls, they have penetrated even within the sacred enclosure: a dark cloud went before them black and horrible, a cloud of dagger men, assassins, impious and wicked persons ignorant of shame. Within a few short weeks how has all been changed! The ministers of the Lord are no longer respected; many of them have been insulted and turned to derision; the churches have been profaned; some of them have even been polluted and dishonoured by the emissaries of Satan. Worse still, they now threaten to take away from Rome those religious communities which form its richest treasure. To plunder the Church, that is their long-cherished project, and the one they will at last put in execution if Almighty God leave them sufficient time to carry out their designs.

In the midst of such painful catastrophes and of so violent a tempest, what shall be the weapons with which we must war against the assaults of hell?

In the days of Pagan Rome it was said: *Agere et pati fortia Romanum est!* A Father of the Church, in the Apology which he presented to the persecutors of Christianity, also said: *Agere et pati fortia Christianorum est.*

Now then, if we observe the present attitude of the people of Rome, it also deserves to have this said of it. I speak of the Roman people, not of the worshippers of Jupiter or of Mercury, but of the Roman people who adore Jesus Christ, and who venerate the Holy Virgin and the Saints.

Are not we ourselves witnesses of all that it has done to stem the tide of evil; of the admirable associations established to assert and defend the truth, and to succour the afflicted? The churches are very much thronged, the Word of God is eagerly listened to, the Sacraments are received with great fervour. I do not go abroad, but you will know—your yourselves—all that Rome has done to resist the work of lies and of wickedness.

Well, then, it is precisely because I do not go abroad that you, the parish priests and preachers, must tell it throughout Rome that the Pope is unable to bless this people of whom I speak, and to approve and encourage them to persevere in their conduct.

Then tell them that fathers of families should not allow their children to go to theatres where plays are acted which insult religion and morality, and where vice and immorality triumph. Such places are forbidden to Christian families; they cannot be present at performances intended to dishonour God and the Church, to overthrow the faith, and to break her most sacred laws.

Tell them also that I thank the Romans for the sufferings they have undergone, and particularly all those Civil Service employees who, in such large numbers, have remained faithful to honour, loyalty, and conscience, and have chosen rather to undergo all sorts of privations than to become accomplices in treason and felony.

Tell them that I know all this, and that I bless them as I do all those who can do and suffer like true Romans.

But will so many prayers cause the morning of peace to dawn? Will it dawn soon? That it will dawn is certain; but it will be soon, I know not. It may be that we shall have to endure more and different griefs still.

I remember Judas, who, when he had eaten of that bread which is *mors vitæ, vita bonis*, went forth from the Upper Chamber of God.—I say of God, for it had become so, by the presence and the work of the Saviour. The traitor went to hasten on the

commencement of the Passion. Our Lord Jesus Christ said then: *Nunc clarificatus est Filius hominis.* And yet He had already manifested Himself by His miracles, by His teaching, and by His fulfilment of the prophecies; but it was not until this moment that He said expressly, that now He was about to be glorified by His Cross, and by His Resurrection and Ascension. He would be so glorified even by suffering and dying upon Golgotha.

And we, too, shall have our resurrection from the depth of corruption into which we have been cast. But who knows whether even greater trials may not be reserved for us? We shall certainly be glorified by a vengeance worthy of God, either by the admirable conversion or the terrible punishment of His enemies.

Meanwhile let us continue instant in prayer; let us continue to ask in confidence of the Lord that He would hasten the day when, *De manu inimicorum nostrorum liberati, servimus illi in justitia et sanctitate coram teo omnibus diebus vite nostre.*

The triumph of Christ is certain, as the Church sings, and as the inscription at the base of the obelisk of the Vatican attests:—*Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat, Christus ab omni malo nos defendit.*

Let us pray, then; let us pray, and join with our prayers an exemplary life and resignation of soul. Jesus Christ commanded the storm, and immediately the winds and the waves are still. We, on our part, are travelling through this mortal life, and we must ask of the Saviour that He will add to His triumph our deliverance from all evil.

Once more, then, let us pray, for we are not as yet delivered from all evil. May the Lord bless your words, and may they bring forth the fruits of salvation in this people who are eager to hear them!

May He bless your actions and the good example which you shall give!

May He bless all the days of your exile here below upon the earth, and may He grant you strength to walk with firm steps along this road, at the end of which we hope to see the mercy of God shine forth, so that we may one day be able with a good hope to commit our soul to the Lord, saying to Him: *Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum!*

Benedictio Dei Omnipotentis, &c.

AFTER THE STORM.

VERSAILLES, MARCH 9.—The "Gross" Headquarters! The Crown Prince gone, and only General von Blumenthal and Colonel von Gottberg, with a few officers, left at Les Ombres to represent that great Staff! The Reservoirs deserted, not a gold or silver fish remaining! Last week the Crown Prince gave his *Zweier Stübel* a hint that they might vanish as they pleased, for his Staff was broken up.

Before his departure the Crown Prince sent Jerusalem rosaries to the Sisters of Charity who have been so good and constant in their attendance, and he also gave similar mementoes to some of the monks. These inexpensive and thoughtful acts make his Imperial Highness very popular, and his name is in good odour "*quoque et est ben Allemand.*" He left Gonesse with his reduced Staff of personal attendants, Graf von und zu Eulenberg, Graf von Scheitnitz, Dr. Wegner, &c., Graf von Seckendorff having been sent on with letters for the Crown Princess, who must, no doubt, long to see her husband after a separation of eight long and terrible months. The Princess, however, is a soldier's wife, and knows well how the duty is paramount which detains the Field Marshal now on a tour among the troops before he repairs to Rheims, where the Emperor will, some say, hold a sort of Court for a day or two before he repairs to Germany and makes his State entry into Berlin on the 19th of March. Count Bismarck would like him to return at once. But the Emperor is loth to leave his soldiers. The Germans are, so far as one can judge, in no violent hurry to get home. The Landwehr, of course, are the first to march, and they will naturally be much wanted; but even on the faces of the line fellows of the Guard who have been in Versailles lately there was no great expression of rejoicing as they set out towards the Rhine, which they have "watched" to such good purpose. The course taken by the troops is rather aggravating, but it was provided in the Convention that they should be at liberty to pass between Valerin and the river, and so they struck out from the end of the Neuilly bridge to St. Gratien, by Courbevoie. They will leave behind them most bitter memories, and, judging of the future from the present, I would say it was not in the power of any Government to divert the mass of Northern Frenchmen from the study of revenge, and that it is worse than useless to reason to them of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come while they are trembling with passion and the desire of vengeance. Perhaps they may expend their rage on each other. Count Bismarck does not like the Republic, and he has been so busy in the Warwick line that he would not be disinclined to try his hand at a restoration. The Kaiser would not be averse from seeing on the Throne of France one whom he had hurled from it, and there are many among the German Princes who would hail with pleasure the captive of Wilhelmshöhe as Emperor of France—"the Sir and my good brother" of an Empire which should indeed perform be peace.

Paris was for four months and more bound by an iron hoop which France could not break. There were 500,000 inside it and 250,000 men outside. So 500,000 men were kept in by a band of 250,000 men. Iron will yield. It can be broken or bulged, melted or snapped. It can be filed asunder or rusted or cut. But the "iron circle" round Paris, tried by heat and by cold, by fire and by frost, by file and by point, never gave way. The minor contained the major to the end. Where is this iron circle? A circle is a well-defined idea. There ought to be no rift in its circumference. Thick or thin, it should be continuous. You may set out, however, from Versailles and journey round Paris, and you will be hard set to find any traces of a circle at all. There is not a wall of iron now, nor a fence of wood, nor lines of forts, nor continuous trenches, nor parapets; in fact, nothing one can call "lines" at all. No. The "iron circle" which was around Paris was made of "sexes." For four months the Prussians stood on the defensive. Every sortie against them has failed. The reasons of the failure were that in getting over the natural difficulties of the ground the assaults were exposed to the fire of fixed batteries from the entrenched front, which swept the troops before they could debouch and form their columns of attack. Often the heavy French field artillery, delayed by bad roads, by thaws and slippery ice, could not get into line, and they had to regret the infatuation for large calibres which had led to the abandonment of the pieces of 4, which could strike well at 3,000 metres, and which had the enormous advantage of being able to go anywhere.

WITHIN THE CITY.

Whatever people may say to the contrary, if Paris, as looks now imminent, becomes the arena of a fierce and bloody conflict, her fate is sealed; her palaces will become abandoned, her population paupers, and her ruin complete as a centre of fashion and of pleasure. In the words of one of our poets, "The rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me, will become a desolation: every one that passeth by her shall hiss, and wag his hand." The first step towards this consummation is indicated in the *Cri du Peuple* of to-day, edited by a certain Jules Valles, a theorist, who may be considered as the representative of the most extreme class. Admitting that the party to which he belongs cannot conquer France from the reactionaries, he calls upon

the Department of the Seine, strong in armed men of advanced opinions, to constitute itself into an independent Republic, with its own system of government by communes. How the rest of France would appreciate an excess of this sort in its midst, continually, so to speak, coming to a head and bursting into luxury and riotous living which have attracted hither the wealth and wickedness of Europe would be so seriously diminished that great opportunity would be afforded to the inhabitants of his Republic to improve their morals. Meantime M. Lockroy, one of the Paris Deputies, has written to the *Rappel* to explain why he and his colleagues, who had announced their intention of retiring from the Chamber, have changed their minds. They had a meeting on the subject, and it occurred to them that, as they were elected by Paris to represent it in the Chamber, it would to some extent be a dereliction of duty if they did not represent it there. M. Lockroy and his colleagues are evidently making progress in their political education. The *Vengeur*, under the inspiration of M. Pyat, is constantly striking out new and original political ideas. One of its most recent constitutional theories is as follows:—

"The sovereignty of the people is permanent. Consequently, the electors have, at any hour which may suit them, the right to convoke their committees, who shall exact or provoke the resignation of a Deputy who does not vote in the manner in which he ought to vote."

A most furious article in the same paper on the appointment of General D'Aurelle des Paladines is very significant of the commotion which his arrival and entry on his functions as Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard is sure to provoke. A martinet of martinet, he is a man of iron will and unflinching severity. Not only did he shoot soldiers, but officers repeatedly for running away in the combats before Orleans, and it is quite certain that he will either crush the existing insubordination in the National Guard or it will crush him.

An hour ago a scene occurred in the street in which I live which illustrates the temper of the people, and unfortunately reveals a trait of national character which will certainly do much to alienate the sympathies of those who wish the French well, and put an end to the delusion of the chivalry by which they were supposed to be distinguished. A French hatter happens to have a German wife, whose brother it was supposed had come to see her. Whether this was so or not it seems certain she denied it; but a howling *canaille* surrounded the shop and threatened to destroy it, and maltreated the poor woman, who stood at the door trembling and alone. Fortunately some gentlemen arrived just in time to rescue her, and the mob contented themselves with writing up abusive epithets on the shutters, which inform the public that a Prussian is waiting to be hung inside. A league has been formed of which the members bind themselves not to employ Germans, and even Frenchmen who are suspected of having commercial dealings with Germans are not safe from ill-treatment.

The *Paris Journal*, the paper which originated the anti-Prussian League, and is especially devoted to the encouragement and propagation of feelings of hatred, vengeance, and petty retaliation, contains lists of denounced persons, all members of the League being bound to denounce every German who is found in Paris, or French persons having relations with them, and the organization goes even further, and suspects all persons who refuse to belong to the League. It is not at present permitted to a free Prussian not to hate. If, for instance, he does not hand over to popular vengeance any unhappy German who may have left a French wife and family in Paris and be tempted to come and look for them, he is himself liable to the wrath of the mob. The members of the Democratic International Association find themselves placed in consequence in a most unexpected dilemma. The cardinal idea of this association, from which it derives its strength, and which alone recommended it to the world, was the great humanitarian principle that all men, no matter to what nationalities they may belong, are brothers; that there is a tie of fraternity stronger than that of nationality. These are the very gentlemen who are now proving by the violence of the passions their incapacity for living in harmony with any one or for carrying out any of those Utopian ideas, to propagate which, in another way, they are now organizing their National Guards. They have held a meeting of this International Society of the Universal Republic to consider what should be done if an international German brother demands of them the fulfilment of the solemn obligations by which they bound themselves to love one another in the face of the League which as solemnly forbids it.—They have determined to abandon love as a principle, and adopt hatred as a far sounder base of operations. It is perhaps, under the influence of this inspiration that the chateaux and villas in the neighborhood of which have been spared by the Germans are threatened with destruction as soon as the latter shall have disappeared. It is not fair in the eyes of the Association for the Propagation of Hate and the Wreaking of Vengeance that any invidious distinction should be made. It is evident that persons whose houses have not been pillaged by the Germans must have been on good terms with them, and they therefore deserve to be pillaged by all good patriots. These are the arguments promulgated by a class of low journals which are daily creeping up, and are one of the most unhealthy signs of the times. They are full of the coarsest language and of the most extravagant ideas—often unfit for publication. M. Vuillot, in an article in the *Univers* of to-day, exposes the state of affairs with a courage which will render him an object of popular wrath, unless the power of the Government becomes more firmly established than it is at present. "The mob," he says, "do what they like, drown a policeman, flog a woman, demolish a house at their pleasure, and no one dares interfere. In reality, at this moment the lowest *canaille* reigns in the capital of civilization." There is a fourth plague, worse even than war, famine, or pestilence—terror; and this, unless the manhood of Paris drives the *canaille* with sticks into its sewers, will be upon us, according to the editor of the *Univers*, while M. Thiers is still considering how he shall pay the Germans their money.

Effects of a Torpedo.—A dreadful accident is reported as having occurred at Creuzot, France, on the morning of Sunday, by which eight men were instantly killed—literally blown to pieces—and seven others seriously injured. It appears that between 1 and 3 o'clock in the morning, some of the Red Republicans broke into the church and rang the alarm bell, and ran through the town calling the inhabitants to arms. The military officials, believing the enemy was about to enter the town, made preparations for blowing up the railway line at the junction of Montchemin. A torpedo had been placed between the points of the rails for this purpose, and a soldier who was about to place a bolt in the same spot struck it a blow with a hammer he held in his hand, the effect of which was the explosion of the torpedo and the instant death of eight persons, including the staff major of the engineers.

The *Mont de Piété* is the title given to the great pawn-broking establishment of Paris, in which, during the siege, the poorer classes were by press of famine compelled to pawn their tools, their cooking utensils, and domestic furniture. The correspondent of the *Times* describes the aspect of the place:—

The fact that the State is the universal pawn-broker in France, that a certain amount of red tape is incidental to an establishment of such gigantic proportions, and that unforeseen exigencies have

arisen in consequence of the siege, for which its rules had not provided, has given a certain color to these complaints. At the same time, as the *Mont de Piété* is conducted entirely on capital borrowed from other State institutions, and as the financial embarrassment under which Paris is suffering extends everywhere, there are pecuniary reasons why it is very difficult now for the Government to relax its rules, and afford special privileges and facilities to those who have pawned their goods, without running the risk of absolute insolvency. During the siege no one was allowed to borrow more than 50*fr.* on any article no matter what its value might be.—In spite of this, the pressure for money was so great that the store-rooms of the *Mont de Piété* became encumbered with articles, which 150,000 persons of all classes brought and pledged. I made a most interesting inspection of these immense storehouses of private property a few days ago, and walked through labyrinth of stored jewelry, each little box colored and numbered according to its year, all the even numbers indicating one year, all the odd numbers another. Here were no fewer than 100,000 watches and 25,000 clocks. There were diamond necklaces and bracelets of fabulous value, which had lain for many years, and which were pledged anew every year, that had glittered, nevertheless, on the arms and necks of their owners at every Imperial ball and on every State occasion, when they were hired from the Imperial pawnbroker for the night. Here, too, were evidences of the more real distress to which persons of rank had been reduced—one piece of lace after the other, the last customer's shawl, or a pocket handkerchief embroidered with a coronet, or such fine material that it was still possible to raise 3*fr.*, the lowest figure allowed, upon it; gentlemen's gold-headed canes, even ordinary riding whips, and no fewer than 2,000 opera-glasses. Her: was an umbrella, the pawn-ticket of which had been renewed every year since 1812, and a silk dress, the owner of which for the last 28 years had been unable to redeem it, but had regularly raised the portion of her annual income which it represented. Here were unwritten romances staring at one from the eyes of pawned pictures, and dreadful family secrets locked up in jewel boxes. This quarter of the establishment was what might be called the Faubourg St. Germain, of the *Mont de Piété*. When we went into the Belleville quarter the objects were very different. No fewer than 2,300 poor wretches had pawned their instruments, and starving seamstresses had pawned 1,500 pairs of scissors. Spades, shovels, teapots, without end.

THE ASSEMBLY AT BOURBONNE.

During the discussion of the Treaty of Peace, one of the first to mount the tribune was M. Victor Hugo; but before he had spoken twenty sentences, he had the good taste to make an offensive allusion to the Pope, which called up a score of members on the Right, who denounced the speaker as wishing to infuse discord into the meeting. What made the attack all the worse was, that in the diplomatic box, between Lord Lyons and Prince Metternich, was Monsignor Clugni, the Papal Nuncio, who, by his dress, and tall person, must have been perfectly visible to M. Hugo. The Nuncio at once took his hat and left the Assembly; whilst from the Right of the House the cries against Victor Hugo's unprovoked rudeness were redoubled, and were only silenced after a considerable time by the President, whose right hand hardly ever left off touching his deep-sounding bell, to call the Deputies to order.

From the English point of view, however, there can be no doubt there was, indeed, yesterday in the Chamber a most remarkable row—the word is scarcely Parliamentary, but there is really no other that so well describes the scene. As usual, it arose suddenly and quite unexpectedly, having no connexion whatever with the general course of the debate, which had been, on the whole unusually prosaic and tame. The question before the House was whether the Algerian elections, among them that of Garibaldi, were valid, and it might have been settled and apparently was about to be settled on purely legal or constitutional grounds, when unluckily it seems to have occurred to M. Victor Hugo that the occasion was a fitting one for a general eulogy of his illustrious friend, Victor Hugo is unpopular with the great majority of the House, and he was still his great reputation at once procured him a ready hearing, the Assembly rapidly settling down into hushed attention as he approached the tribune, and the eulogy, well-managed—as, for instance, a practised orator like M. Louis Blanc would have managed it—might have been allowed to pass without censure if without applause. But M. Victor Hugo can have had little practice as an orator, and, indeed, if he has any oratorical gifts, as his admirers protest, he must have yesterday somehow completely lost command of them. Nobody who heard him, as I did, for the first time could possibly have discovered a trace of them, or could have failed to be painfully impressed with the piteous spectacle of a great man made to look very little by being in the wrong place. His fine face and noble bearing—which would make the fortune of many a public speaker—only increase one's disappointment by raising false hopes, and his delivery is so slow and hesitating that it would be barely tolerable if the speaker, embarrassed by his own wealth of words—as might easily be supposed to be Victor Hugo's case—were struggling to choose the best, and it becomes unbearable when, at the end of the sentence, all this labor produces something so tame and commonplace that, if it was worth saying at all, it should at least have been said at once and got over with as little notice as possible.—Victor Hugo's manner, too, is—or, at least, yesterday was—terribly against him. He put one hand in his pocket, and with the other kept up a series of violent spasmodic jerks at the audience, much as if he were throwing his words at them, and hoped by throwing very hard to give even the little words weight and force. One could scarcely be surprised at the growing impatience and irritation with which the Right heard him, and when at last he showed so much want of tact, to use no stronger word, as to say to a French Assembly, in the presence of several distinguished French generals, that Garibaldi was the only general on the French side who had not been beaten, deafening shouts furiously drowned his voice, and there followed, for several minutes, one of those extraordinary scenes of tumult and confusion which baffle all description, and which must be seen to be properly appreciated. I doubt whether they are to be seen anywhere but in a French political assembly. There must at one moment have been at least 20 speakers all on their legs together, shouting something either at Victor Hugo or at each other, and shaking their fists, while the wretched President, purple in the face from helpless indignation and the exertion of ringing his bell, endeavored, of course in vain, to shout silence louder than them all. Naturally one does not hear one in a hundred of the things said, but now and then a pause occurs from general loss of breath, and then a speaker who has warily reserved himself gets a chance of quickly slipping in half-a-dozen audible words. General Ducrot got such a chance yesterday, and called on Victor Hugo to withdraw words which were an "outrage" to the Assembly. The Right took up the cry and cheered General Ducrot again and again to the echo. At last the President, taking advantage of another pause, made the Assembly understand that Victor Hugo, who had been all this time resolutely confronting, with both hands in his pocket, the "outraged" House, was about to explain himself. Silence was obtained, but the great poet, not accustomed to this sort of popular reception, was now fairly in a pet, and after declaring that the House which had refused to hear Garibaldi, now refused to hear him,

and that this was enough for him, rushed down from the tribune to his seat, caught up his hat, and, hurrying to the reporters' row, seized a pen and commenced then and there furiously writing out what was generally supposed to be his resignation.

There was no much noise, however, going on in consequence of a fresh conflict between General Duerot and other Deputies that the angry poet was in a moment as completely forgotten as if he had never been present.

After a few minutes he fought his way up to near the Tribune with a letter, which the President begged him repeatedly to withdraw.

THE PIETY OF THE GERMANS.

An original defence of the Emperor William's pious phraseology is volunteered by Mr. Arnold Ruge. It amounts in substance to this: the phrases objected to are not meant to be understood as anybody in Germany believes in God, and the Emperor is not more religious than his countrymen.

As the meaning of this sort of talk is not given in the ordinary dictionaries, Mr. Ruge translates a few common expressions into plain English. Instead of "Good morning," you must say in Catholic parts of Germany, "Praised be Jesus Christ!"

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

The New Irish Prelates.—The Freeman's Journal speaks thus of the new Bishops: "Intelligence, which we believe to be correct, arrived in town on Friday evening, that the vacant Sees of Ardagh, Raphoe, and Clontarf had been filled up, and the approval of the Holy Father given to the selections that had been made."

Peace in Ireland.—A return moved for by Lord John Manners with respect to the outrages in Westmeath, Meath, Tipperary, and King's County from the 6th of April, 1870 (when the Peace Preservation Act was passed), to the end of last month, was issued yesterday.

The Bishop of Kerry on the Council.—The Bishop of Kerry in his Lenten Pastoral, after a few masterly pages on the Temporal Power, speaks of the Vatican Council, and especially of the Definition of the 18th of July.

and dear brethren, supposes a contrariety of will in those who compel, and those who are compelled.—No man compels himself. No man is compelled to do what he wishes to do.

Freedom of Debate.—"But was there freedom of debate? Most certainly. And the plain proof is, that a minority acting throughout with the purest intentions, and urged by a conscientious conviction, that it was for the good of the Church to leave the question untouched, prolonged the discussion for eight months.

Every difficulty was fully and fearlessly proposed. No man shrank from saying what he believed to be right, no matter how opposed his opinion might be to those of the great body of the assembly; and for that freedom of speech, no one has suffered displeasure or disgrace.

Dublin, March 10.—The progress of the Judges through the assize towns continues to afford satisfactory evidence that peace and order prevail in the country, except in the districts which are to be the subject of special inquiry by a Parliamentary committee.

The Irish Judges of Assize have in their charges spoken favorably of the state of the northern counties, but in Tipperary Mr. Justice Morris referred to the lawlessness existing in some districts, which had necessitated a very large increase in the police force.

At the Nenagh Assizes three men were indicted for the manslaughter of a man named Healy, who was murdered on his way home from a fair. No motive could be assigned for the crime, as no grounds of personal hostility could be shown.

At Downpatrick John Gregory, a respectable-looking elderly man, was convicted of the murder of John Gallagher, for many years confidential steward of Colonel Forde, M.P., of Seaford.

The improved state of the county of Mayo was the subject of some congratulatory remarks by Baron Hughes in his address to the grand jury at Castlebar on Thursday.

Local Legislation for Ireland.—Mr. McMahon's bill, entitled "Local Legislation (Ireland) Bill," is one of the many indications daily presenting themselves of that yearning for home rule which affects Irishmen so powerfully.

interested in obtaining powers for any of the objects indicated may seek a provisional order from the Lord Lieutenant in Council. They shall then publish notices of their design, and deposit all necessary documents in the same way as at present.

DEBILIS MANS DRAINAGE BILL.—The purification of the Liffey, like the deodorization of the Thames, was long looked forward to as a great public good for which every one would feel thankful, and after much deliberation the Main Drainage Bill was adopted by the representatives of the citizens and met universal approval.

To our mind the "Queen's speech" furnishes an argument in favor of Home Rule so forcible and conclusive as to defy refutation. It is an admission of the incompetency of the Ministry and Parliament of England to satisfy the just requirements of the Irish people.

A correspondent of the Daily Express gives the following account of the murder of Mr. Alexander Stewart, a farmer, in County Donegal.—Mr. Stewart was formerly a tenant under Mr. Boyd, and was necessitated to give up his holding, all but a grazing mountain farm on the townland of Magheran, which he still managed, though at much inconvenience, to retain possession of.

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a barrow on the public footway. It was explained that the vehicle under the defendant's care was a perambulator, and that it was used for the collection of food for the inmates of Nazareth-house.

DEBILIS MANS DRAINAGE BILL.—The purification of the Liffey, like the deodorization of the Thames, was long looked forward to as a great public good for which every one would feel thankful, and after much deliberation the Main Drainage Bill was adopted by the representatives of the citizens and met universal approval.

To our mind the "Queen's speech" furnishes an argument in favor of Home Rule so forcible and conclusive as to defy refutation. It is an admission of the incompetency of the Ministry and Parliament of England to satisfy the just requirements of the Irish people.

A correspondent of the Daily Express gives the following account of the murder of Mr. Alexander Stewart, a farmer, in County Donegal.—Mr. Stewart was formerly a tenant under Mr. Boyd, and was necessitated to give up his holding, all but a grazing mountain farm on the townland of Magheran, which he still managed, though at much inconvenience, to retain possession of.

At the Nenagh Assizes three men were indicted for the manslaughter of a man named Healy, who was murdered on his way home from a fair. No motive could be assigned for the crime, as no grounds of personal hostility could be shown.

At Downpatrick John Gregory, a respectable-looking elderly man, was convicted of the murder of John Gallagher, for many years confidential steward of Colonel Forde, M.P., of Seaford.

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Tiler a sect glorious and independent of all human sovereignty." Moreover, the Pope, by giving no trouble, "will have accomplished a marvellous work, given peace to the Church and shown to Europe, horrified by the terrors of war, how it is possible to gain great battles and to win immortal victories by an act of justice and by one single word of affection."

How to CURE THE DOCTOR.—A soldier, a patient at Herbert Hospital, Shooters Hill, a few days ago wrote the following advice to comrades:—Previous to going to hospital rub your face with chalk, ready for the word. Put out your tongue; then, when the doctor is going to feel your pulse, be sure to knock your elbow against the wall, and it will beat to any number in a minute; then, if you wish to persevere to be invaded, be on the look-out for a friend to bring you a bit of raw bullock's liver every morning, in order to spit blood for the doctor; of course, have a little bit of the liver in your mouth under your tongue, fresh, ready for him when he comes round the hospital ward, and have a good piece ready to spit out for him when he approaches your cot; then give a great sigh and a groan, and you are sure to be ordered lamb chops, chicken rice pudding, port wine, Guinness, stout—in fact, you may live on the fat of the land for the remainder of your soldiering which will not be long; but, dearest, don't you are sure of a pension, even under ten years' service. We hope there are not many in hospital quite so clever as this "old soldier!"

The whole of the facts as to the alleged burning of a captain of frames-firers by German troops near Dijon have just been made public in a letter from a medical officer of the Baden Division, who first appeared in the British Gazette. The witness recounts the arrival of the body in Dijon, where it was found after the German troops had captured and evacuated that place.

ENGLAND'S ATTITUDE DURING THE WAR.—In an article on the above subject the Paris Times says:—We are unjust towards England. We forget that she sympathized strongly with us from the moment that the war became one for the defence of our soil.

BRIST BUTLER.—ANOTHER PAGE OF HIS HISTORY.—A correspondent who professes to know a great deal about the history of Gen. B. Butler, writes to say that the chief reason for Butler's animosity against England was the comments of the English journals, and more especially of Lord Palmerston, then Prime Minister of England, upon Butler's celebrated woman order issued while he was in command of New Orleans.

They run the franking system in the United States not wisely but too well. A little while ago the hon. James Brooks made himself a beautiful renown by a free legislative distribution of the hand-bills of a certain chicken-show towards which in the hours of certain his gigantic intellect was wont to unbend.

GREAT BRITAIN. A Sister of Mercy, of Nazareth-house, Hammer-smith, was charged on Tuesday with having driven

the vehicle under the defendant's care was a perambulator, and that it was used for the collection of food for the inmates of Nazareth-house.

The True Witness

AND  
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE,  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY  
At No. 663, Craig Street, by  
J GILLIES.  
G. E. CLERK, Editor.

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MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1871.  
ECCLESIASTICAL CALENDAR.  
APRIL—1871.  
Friday, 7—Good Friday.  
Saturday, 8—Holy Saturday.  
Sunday, 9—Easter Sunday.  
Monday, 10—Of the Octave.  
Tuesday, 11—Of the Octave.  
Wednesday, 12—Of the Octave.  
Thursday, 13—Of the Octave.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.  
It would be a hopeless task to endeavor to  
construct from the scattered fragments of in-  
formation that we receive by Cable, a contin-  
uous or intelligible narrative of the Paris revo-  
lution, as we must call it. For in one sense  
it may be said that the attitude of the City is  
that of opposition to the rest of France. Paris  
desires to remain not only political capital of  
the country, but to be the country; in a word,  
rage at the transfer of the Seat of Legislature  
from Paris to any other town or City, is one  
cause of the feud betwixt the ancient Capital,  
and the Assembly at Versailles. If the latter  
could but be led back in triumph, as were the  
King and Court in the famous *emeeutes* of  
October 1789, a truce might for a time be  
patched up betwixt the contending parties.

As it is, the *Reds* are masters of the situation  
within the City. Their flag flies from the  
*Hotel de Ville*. M. Thiers talks of reducing  
the insurgents by force; but we remember the  
ill-timed vaunt of the Girondists, that, if a hair  
of their representatives were touched, the de-  
partments would rise, and strangers in coming  
ages would enquire "on which side of the  
Seine Paris stood;" and we know what followed  
the utterance of that threat. M. Thiers is not a  
greater man than the Girondist *Lenard*. If  
order is to be restored; it looks as if the *Prus-  
sians* must interfere, and one telegram an-  
nounces that if the indemnity be not paid by  
the 15th inst., German troops to the number  
of 80,000 will enter Paris, and put down the  
insurgents. The citizens are flying to the  
country in great numbers, and a general con-  
sternation prevails. The temper of the French  
army is not known, and though it is most pro-  
bable that it will side with the Assembly, and  
the semblance of legitimate authority which  
that body represents, it is by no means impos-  
sible that a large portion of it may, as did the  
army in '89, fraternize with the insurgents,  
and turn its arms against those whom it was  
enrolled to defend.

By latest telegrams we learn that civil war  
has actually broken out. On Saturday, the  
*Reds* sent forward a detachment to attack Ver-  
sailles, but they were encountered, and event-  
ually repulsed by a superior force of the troops  
that take the part of the Assembly. The  
fighting was well maintained on both sides for  
some time, but the *Reds* were repulsed with a  
loss reported at about 200 men, and their re-  
treat was harassed by a fire opened upon them  
from Fort Valerien. The *Reds* also left sev-  
eral prisoners in the hands of their opponents,  
by whom these prisoners were immediately put  
to death. This has excited the *Reds* to frenzy,  
so that reprisals, and a war in which no quar-  
ter will be given, may be expected. Marshal  
McMahon has been appointed Commander-in-  
Chief of the Army, faithful to the Assembly.

The *Commune* have published decrees, for  
the suppression of all religious bodies, and sum-  
moning to their bar, M.M. Thiers, Favre, and  
others of their opponents, whose property also  
has been declared confiscated. What may be  
the temper of the people outside of Paris we  
cannot learn, nor do we know how far the reg-  
ular army can be relied on. It is said that  
one regiment, the 74th of the line, has frater-  
nized with the *Reds*. It is very probable that  
the Germans will have to return to Paris to  
restore order, and some semblance of a govern-  
ment.

Amadeus, the bogus King of Spain, is evi-  
dently in a bad way. The republicans will

have none of him in that he is a King. The  
Royalists are against him as an intruder, and  
their sympathies are with the Bourbons. There  
will very likely be another attempt to restore  
the ancient monarchy in the legitimate branch,  
that of the representatives of Don Carlos. But  
anyhow, the general opinion is that the unhappy  
lad now on the throne, will soon have to return  
to Italy. Any thing which works disgrace and  
trouble to the family of Victor Emmanuel will  
be gladly hailed by the Catholic world.

CIRCULAR LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP RIGHT  
REV. DR. WALSH, LORD BISHOP OF LON-  
DON, TO THE CLERGY OF SAID DIO-  
CESE.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,  
It is unnecessary to inform you that our  
Holy Father is still a prisoner in the hands of  
his iniquitous despoilers. The revolution—the  
abomination of desolation—is in the midst  
of the holy places, and the heart of Christen-  
dom grieves.

It is true the Florentine Parliament is en-  
gaged in the force of passing guarantees, with  
the alleged object of securing the liberty and  
independence of the Head of the Church; but  
these guarantees are the merest mockeries, in-  
tended to deceive the Catholic World. They  
are based on the faith of the Italian govern-  
ment, but that faith is as notorious for its  
treachery and mendacity as the *Punic faith* of  
old; indeed, it might be well predicated of the  
faithless Italian Ministers what St. Paul said  
of the people of Crete: "*Cretenses semper  
mendaces*"—"The Creteans are always liars."  
—(Ep. St. P. to Titus, 1st chap., v. 12.)

Who, then, shall guarantee the Italian guaran-  
tees? Those who blushed not at the dishon-  
or of violating the September convention when  
poor France was in the darkest hour of her  
adversity—those who scrupled not to despoil  
the Holy Father of those possessions which  
were consecrated by the reverence of centuries,  
and by the free choice of a people whom the  
Popes had redeemed from slavery—will not  
hesitate, when the time arrives, to cast their  
false guarantees to the winds—" *Tantum  
folia quæ a vento rapiuntur*." This is what  
we are told with shameless effrontery by  
*Bonghi*, the gentleman who framed the Bill  
of Guarantees, and its advocate. When lately  
addressing the Florentine Parliament he said,  
"Whenever the Ecclesiastical Power shall  
abuse its franchises, you can diminish or take  
them away, since they possess one only true  
guarantee: the national conscience;" (that is,  
of course, the conscience of the deputies—not  
a very delicate one, as we know) "Ecclesiastical  
power has no other guarantee with you  
except your own good faith." (He should  
rather have said, good pleasure.) "See,  
therefore, whether these guarantees need  
frighten you."

These guarantees, then, deceive nobody.  
They are a mockery and a snare, and simply  
add insult to the grievous injury already done  
the Head and Members of Christ's Mystical  
Body.  
Meantime the Catholic World is moved from  
its centre to its circumference with deep and  
heartfelt sympathy with our persecuted Pon-  
tiff, for when the Head is menaced the hands  
are instinctively raised to protect it. Millions  
of voices have been heard, like the sound of  
many waters, protesting against the sacrilegious  
and execrable spoliation of the Holy See, and  
denouncing the base and flagitious conduct of  
the crowned robber, Victor Emmanuel, and  
his perfidious Ministers.

In other days, in the ages of faith and chivalry,  
a Catholic crusade would have entered the  
Italian kingdom, and have swept the sacrilegious  
wretches from the States of the Church which  
they plundered, and from the holy places which  
they profaned. But as the circumstances of  
the present time forbid this, and as the gallant  
nation which made it its pride and its policy  
to defend the patrimony of St. Peter, lies pro-  
strate and wounded almost unto death, we must  
make use of the moral and constitutional means  
left us, to obtain the restoration to the Holy  
See of its imprescriptible rights. To attain  
this end, so necessary for the life and liberty  
of the Church, a mighty Catholic movement is  
on foot throughout the world. This move-  
ment appeals to the conscience and the honor  
of mankind to vindicate the sanctity of the  
moral law, so shamefully outraged; and not to  
tolerate the despoilment of the Holy See—the  
greatest crime and scandal of the age. It ap-  
peals to the kings and rulers of nations, to re-  
instate, even in their own self-defence, on its  
time-honored and historic throne the oldest and  
most venerable sovereignty in the world; for,  
in the dethronement of the Sovereign Pontiff,  
it is the very principle of sovereignty that is  
dethroned—It appeals to the Catholic millions  
to work, and agitate, and pray, until their  
liberty of conscience and their most sacred  
rights are secured, in the restoration of the  
liberty and independence of the Holy See,  
destroyed by the sacrilegious overthrow of the  
Temporal Power—It appeals, in fine, to the  
God of Justice, and the invisible head of the  
Church, to punish this crying injustice, to

scatter his enemies, and to protect his visible  
representative and Vicar in the possession of  
those rights and liberties which Divine Provi-  
dence and the ages created for the free and  
efficacious discharge of the sublime functions  
of the Papacy.

In this mighty movement we must have a  
share. It is true, our numbers in this Diocese  
are not great, nor our political influence  
weighty; but as each little rivulet serves to  
swell and expand the broad river that flows on  
majestically to the ocean, so we, when united  
with the millions of our fellow-Catholics, will  
share in their strength and influence whilst  
serving to augment both. At all events, we  
must do our duty, and leave the result in the  
hands of Him "before Whom all nations are  
as if they had no being at all, and are counted  
to Him as nothing and vanity."—(Is., 40th  
chap., 17th verse.) and "whose justice is as  
the highest mountains."—(Ps., 35-7). Our  
brethren of several Canadian Dioceses have  
already drawn up and signed a petition to her  
most gracious majesty the Queen, praying her  
to intervene with the other Powers of Europe  
for the restoration of the sovereign rights of  
the Papacy. It is our desire that the faithful  
of this Diocese shall unite in this praiseworthy  
movement. We have adopted the petition  
drawn up by our brethren of Quebec, as being  
at once concise and expressive, and we herewith  
send you a copy of it, together with sheets for  
the signatures of your people. The signatures  
should be written on one side only, and in a  
clearly and careful manner. These sheets,  
when signed, are to be returned immediately  
to the Episcopal residence, so that we may  
send them without delay to the Govern-  
ment-General, with the prayer that he will cause  
them to be laid at the foot of the throne of  
her most gracious Majesty.

But as the best efforts are fruitless without  
God's blessing, we must not fail, by the exer-  
cise of holy prayer, to call down the benedi-  
ctions of heaven upon this undertaking. Prayer  
is all-powerful with God—By prayer Moses  
broke the power of the enemies of Israel—By  
the prayers of the infant Church the chains  
that bound him fell from off St. Peter, his  
prison gates were thrown open, and he was set  
free—And so, if we join prayer to action, we  
may confidently hope that, in His own good  
time, the Son of God, whose Almighty arms  
support the Catholic Church, will restore the  
liberty and independence of which the Supreme  
Pontiff has been so cruelly and so wickedly  
deprived. For this end we desire you to en-  
join on your good people during the holy  
season of Lent, the recital of a PATER  
and AVE, with the words: "St. Peter, first Pope,  
and St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal  
Church, pray for our Holy Father."  
Please read this Circular to your people, and  
believe us to be, Rev. and dear Sir, affec-  
tionately yours in Christ,

JOHN, Bishop of London.  
Given at the Episcopal Residence, London,  
this 20th day of March, 1871.

The first Napoleon is said to have attributed  
his political death to the "Spanish ulcer;" to  
his ill-advised interference with the affairs of  
Spain, and his iniquitous attempt to impose  
upon the people of that Peninsula an alien  
King. With equal truth might Louis Napo-  
leon exclaim to-day that it was the "Italian  
ulcer" that killed him.

When the time for writing the history of the  
reign of Louis Napoleon shall have arrived we  
have no doubt that then it will be perceived  
that his fall was owing to his Italian policy:  
that to his folly, his short sightedness, rather  
than to the wisdom and far reaching vision of  
a Bismarck, are due the events which by their  
rapidity, no less than by their magnitude, have  
astonished the world. If, as has often been said,  
it was not so much Austria, as France, that  
was beaten and humbled at Sadowa, it may  
also well be said that it was Solferino and Ma-  
genta that brought about the catastrophe of  
Sedan, and gave to France the humiliating peace  
of 1871. Herein we see the hand of a just and  
retributive providence.

To Louis Napoleon more than to any other  
man living are due the calamities that afflict  
the Holy See, all the disasters of the Catholic  
Church, and the iniquitous spoliation of the  
Sovereign Pontiff by the arms of Piedmont.—  
It was Louis Napoleon who made the latter  
Power what it is, and gave to it that absolute  
dominion over the Italian Peninsula which it  
employs to rob the Pope, and oppress the  
Church. But in building up Italian Unity,  
Louis Napoleon laid the foundations of German,  
or Teutonic unity; by raising Victor Emma-  
nuel to the throne of Italy he promoted King  
William to the Imperial throne of Germany; for  
by weakening Austria, he in proportion exalted  
Prussia, and left the latter without a rival. If  
ever man cut his own throat it was Louis Na-  
poleon.

Catholics have no cause to regret the down-  
fall of the man, the accomplice of Cavour, the  
real author of all the misfortunes that have  
fallen upon the head of the Holy Father. It is

tragic that with his usual vacillating policy he  
did not allow, nay did seriously try, to arrest,  
the revolutionary torrent which he had let loose  
in Italy; that in his egregious folly and self-  
conceit he fancied that he could oppose to it  
an effectual barrier, and prevent it from over-  
flowing Rome, and the pitiful remnants of the  
Pontifical States which for a short season after  
the Italian campaign the Sovereign Pontiff was  
allowed to retain in his hands. But it is  
equally true that he it was who cut the dam  
which had previously restrained it.

His obvious policy was to strengthen Aus-  
tria, as a counterpoise to the growing force of  
Prussia from whom alone France had anything  
to dread. Instead of pursuing this his proper  
course, he waged unjust and wanton war with  
the first named; and unfortunately for France,  
unfortunately for the Church and for the peace  
of the world, the gallantry of his soldiers, in  
spite of his military incapacity, gave him the  
victory—a victory which as we now see ruined  
him, and has inflicted injury incalculable upon  
the country whose destinies he controlled.—  
Well would it have been for France if her sol-  
diers had been defeated in Italy, and driven  
back in discomfiture by the troops of Austria.  
She would not to-day be lying prostrate be-  
neath the feet of Prussia.

THE COMMUNE.—This name, now by the  
occurrences at Paris brought prominently be-  
fore the world, is fraught with terrible associa-  
tions; it brings to mind the most bloody days,  
and the most brutal acts of the first Revolu-  
tion.

It was the *Commune* which after the events  
of the Tenth of August assumed the direction  
of affairs in France, and set the Assembly at  
defiance. "It was no longer" says Louis Blanc  
treating of these events, "the Assembly that  
was at the head of the movement, it was the  
*Commune*."

It was the *Commune*, subject sometimes to  
the influence of Robespierre, sometimes to that  
of Marat, that issued the terrible decrees that  
made France and the world tremble; that filled  
the dungeons with every one suspected of loy-  
alty, that organized the revolutionary tribunals,  
that sharpened the edge of the guillotine. In  
a word it was the *Commune* that played the  
most important part in the massacre of priests  
and other prisoners which has rendered the month  
of September for ever infamous in the annals  
of France. Was it a chance that in Septem-  
ber also occurred the catastrophe of Sedan?

What then may be anticipated if once again  
this dread *Commune* should become master of  
the situation, and of the destinies of the coun-  
try? Is the world doomed again to witness a  
Reign of Terror? Already the word "Guil-  
lotine" has been pronounced; already the  
war against the priests has been revived. Mass  
is no longer to be celebrated for the prisoners  
in the prisons; the "law of the suspect" has  
been re-enacted; and the cry "death to the  
rich" has again been shouted in the streets of  
Paris.

From the minute subdivision of the soil, al-  
most every man in the rural districts of France  
is himself a proprietor; and it might be hoped  
therefore that amongst the rural population of  
the country, the rights of property would find  
staunch defenders. Unfortunately, however,  
this minute subdivision of the soil has had an-  
other effect; that of leaving the proprietor of  
the soil head over ears in debt, bound hand and  
foot, and at the mercy of the greedy usurers  
who speculate upon his poverty. He grows  
the wheat indeed, but with difficulty can he by  
his daily toil find a sufficiency of the coarsest  
food for himself; if it be his labor that pro-  
duces the wine, not to him is it given to partake  
of its fruit, or to drink of its juice. In every  
material respect the French peasant proprietor  
of the nineteenth century is worse off than was  
his grandfather in the eighteenth. How then  
can it be expected that he, the slave of the  
capitalist, the serf of the usurer, shall in the  
hour of trial be very zealous in defence of those  
proprietary rights which weigh so heavily upon  
him—in defence of capital, and of high rates of  
interest?

It is no enemy of the Revolution, no reac-  
tionary royalist, no eulogist of the *ancien regime*  
who paints in such dark colors the actual posi-  
tion of the French peasant proprietors. It is a  
revolutionist of revolutionists, Louis Blanc  
himself whom we quote, and to whose well  
known work, *Du Travail*, we are indebted for  
our facts. "What matters it," he cries out,  
"that he—the peasant—be no longer the serf  
of a Seigneur, if he still be the serf of a monied  
man—*homme d'argent*—of a lawyer, of a vil-  
lage speculator, of the usurer?" Not much  
indeed; he will be the natural enemy of those  
proprietary rights which enable the monied  
man, the speculator, and the usurer to keep  
him in bondage; he too will be ready to join  
with the Parisian *proletariat* in the cry "down  
with the capitalists: death to the rich."

This is why too much reliance must not be  
placed upon the conservative tendencies of  
the peasant proprietors of France. There is  
great danger that they too may be carried away

with the Communistic torrent, and aid to swell  
the flood which threatens to sweep everything  
before it. Religion however still exercises its  
influences upon them; and it is religion there-  
fore which inspires the deadly hostility of the  
Parisian insurgents to the priest and the  
Church—the only institution in France surviv-  
ing, and which alone can resist the fury of the  
storm now menacing the unhappy country.  
The throne, the aristocracy, the Parliaments,  
the army, all have disappeared; nothing is  
left but a people unorganized, and the Church;  
and it is against her that the first fury of the  
Revolution will be directed.

MIXING THINGS UP.—The Montreal *Wit-  
ness* has a vicious habit of mixing up things  
which have no connection, and he thereby does  
no little damage. For instance under one head-  
ing—"Sabbath Desecration and Rowdyism"—  
he complains in one breath of the playing of a  
game of Lacrosse on Sunday, 26th ult., on a  
piece of unoccupied ground at the West end of  
St. Antoine Street, and of a fight that did come  
off—or was to have come off, on the same day  
and on the same piece of ground. Now what  
connection is there between these two things?  
One, the Lacrosse game, a perfectly innocent  
amusement on any day of the week; the other  
fighting, which is always an offence on every  
day of the week!

Heartily can we concur with the *Witness*  
in his call upon the Police to do their duty by  
putting down fighting; but we will always op-  
pose every attempt that may be made to inter-  
fere with innocent amusements. According  
to the amiable superstitions of the sect to which  
he—*Witness*—belongs, Sunday Lacrosse play-  
ing, and prize fighting may stand in the same  
category; and so long as he does not attempt  
to enforce by law his silly prejudices upon  
others, we content ourselves with pitying the  
man for his folly. But we will not permit him  
to impose his superstitions upon the commu-  
nity. In his private judgment, Sunday La-  
crosse playing may be sin, and we give him  
free permission to hold that opinion. In our  
private judgment—which is worth as much as  
that of all the Doctors of Protestantdom put  
together—Lacrosse playing on Sunday, if it do  
not disturb others, if it be not carried on where  
it becomes a nuisance to the attendants at  
places of worship, is a perfectly innocent amuse-  
ment, and to be encouraged rather than frowned  
down; since it takes the players away from the  
town with its saloons, its sly grog shops, and  
all its ineffable abominations, to the fields, and  
the open country. Besides, to those who are  
engaged in their shops and factories from Mon-  
day morning to Saturday evening, Sunday is  
the only day of the week on which they can  
indulge in any athletic sport, and healthy exer-  
cise. Shall we then, to gratify the morbid fan-  
tasties of an ignorant set of fanatics, deprive the  
children of toil of the only chance of relaxation  
that their conditions of life permit them to  
have?

We would also remind the *Witness* that, ac-  
cording to his own principles, there should be  
no connection betwixt Church and State; and  
that the latter therefore is morally incompetent  
to enforce the observance of any religious ob-  
servances whatsoever. Violations of the natural  
law, drunkenness, fighting, and every thing  
evil of itself, it is bound to suppress; but with  
innocent amusements, carried on even on Sun-  
days at a distance from places where men  
meet together to worship God, and so as to  
cause no disturbance to the worshippers—it has  
no right to interfere. We invoke the funda-  
mental principles of civil and religious liberty,  
against the impertinent efforts of a clique of  
uneducated fanatics, to interfere with the in-  
nocent amusements of the people.

The question of erecting dwelling houses  
upon the site of the former Catholic cemetery  
near Dorchester Street, is exciting much atten-  
tion. That the danger of such a step is great,  
that the health of the City is thereby seriously  
menaced, cannot be doubted; and it would be  
well if even now the Corporation could acquire  
the land in question, and devote it to the pur-  
pose of a public square, or garden. The soil  
is impregnated with the decomposing flesh of  
several generations; it stinks; and the foul  
emanations thence arising when disturbed, are  
not only most offensive but are laden with  
disease, with the germs of typhus, small pox,  
and every other pestilence.

But if in default of means, or of intelligence  
to foresee and prevent the consequences which  
will ensue from the threatened action of land  
jobbers and speculators, our Civic authorities  
take no steps in the matter, it is to be hoped  
that the public will exercise its judgment, and  
leave the houses that are to be built unat-  
tended. There is not one of these houses about  
to be erected but what would be dear as a gift,  
if that gift were coupled with the condition of  
living therein. The physical laws can no more  
thau the moral laws, be violated with impunity.  
If people will make their homes over the graves  
of the dead, if they will persist in living in the  
midst of filth and rotteness, and impurity; if

they will set the laws of decency and cleanliness at defiance—they must be prepared to accept the inevitable consequences in the shape of foul disease, and untimely death.

We are sorry to see that some writers in the public press are complicating this purely hygienic question, will another with which it has nothing to do—to wit, a semi-religious question, or respect for the remains of the faithful departed; they also insinuate that the Fabrique has been wanting in its duty. Now this is absurd and unjust. The question at issue is simply whether, without serious danger to health, ground but lately occupied as a cemetery, and in which must still be lying in a state of incomplete decomposition the remains of thousands of dead—many of them the victims of Cholera, typhus and other dangerous diseases—can be used for building purposes and as a site for human dwellings? The Fabrique has done what it could to have the land converted into a public square or garden, so as to prevent desecration, and to secure the public health. It has offered it on very liberal terms to the public; and if it have not done more, it is because it is compelled by its pecuniary obligations, and in order to enable it to discharge its debts, to sell property for which it has no actual necessity—just as some years ago it found itself compelled to sell the old Recollet Church in Notre Dame Street. The Fabrique has done what it could; it is we believe most willing to meet on the most reasonable terms, the wishes of the public; and it cannot be expected that it should do more.— Besides we may be sure that the Church, to whom the consideration of the question of respect for the remains of her departed children, or the quasi religious phase of the question, exclusively belongs, will not be wanting in her duty. It is simply a hygienic question that the press, that the citizens of Montreal have to deal with. This is within their province, and should in the interests of all, be discussed dispassionately, and without indulging in unjust criticism of the Fabrique and parochial authorities.

A public meeting of the citizens of Montreal, convoked by His Honor the Mayor, and numerously attended, was held in the Mechanics' Hall on the afternoon of Monday last—the Mayor in the Chair, and Dr. Carpenter, Secretary. Resolutions denouncing the converting of the old Catholic Cemetery, Dorchester Street, into a site for dwelling houses, because of the danger to the health of the City that would thence accrue, were carried unanimously; and the Corporation was urged to take such measures as should best prevent the threatened peril. Prominent amongst the speakers were the Rt. Reverend the Protestant Bishop, who, after a most sensible address from the Chair, moved the first Resolution—the Rev. Mr. Wilkes, MM. Shelton, McRea, Dr. Sterry Hunt, and others; M. Masson also spoke well, and to the purpose, fully justifying the action of the Fabrique, and showing that that body had always acted most liberally. A vote of thanks to the Chair was moved by M. N. Valois, and the meeting then separated. We trust that efficient action in accordance with the expressed wishes of the citizens may be promptly taken by the Corporation.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN ROME.—We invite attention to the subjoined document, which we copy from the London Times, as illustrative of the quality of religious liberty that obtains at Rome under the Piedmontese regime, and of the peace and order that the overthrow of the legitimate government has established. What benighted creatures Papists must be, to be sure, not to be in raptures with the new order of things, and of the liberal canaille who bear rule:—

A REMONSTRANCE FROM ROME.—A copy of the following document, given on the 10th inst. to Mr. Jervoise, for transmission to Her Majesty's Ambassador at Florence, has been forwarded to us for publication.—“We, the undersigned, being British subjects, state, for the information of Her Majesty's representative at the Italian Court, that on this day, Friday, the 10th of March, 1871, we were subjected to inconvenience, insult, and danger, when attending the Lenten service in the church of the Gesù, in Rome. We think it right to say that we had no political motive whatever in visiting the church. The greater portion of us are Catholics, and went for purposes of devotion simply. Some of us are Protestants. We were nearly all strangers to each other, our common danger to-day being our first introduction. The sermon, which was preached by a Jesuit Father named Tommasi, and contained nothing political or calculated to irritate any one, was over about 12 o'clock. The congregation, on attempting to leave the church, found the doors beset by a band of men some hundreds in number, armed with bludgeons. Those who tried to get out were driven back into the church, and were compelled to remain there for a considerable time. Some took refuge in the garden adjoining, and were subsequently escorted to their homes by National Guards. We stayed in the church until Signor Gadda, the Royal Commissary, appeared with 20 or 30 soldiers, who made several arrests within the church. The soldiers had their swords drawn, and with cries of "Bibiani!" slashed right and left as they chased men and women into the side chapels and behind the rails of the high altar, where a priest was celebrating mass and administering to communicants. Women fainted, and one of us saw a female savagely struck on the forehead by a soldier with his sword, the blood gushing from the wound. Several of us saw unoffending persons struck with swords. Signor Gadda was present during all this. When we appealed to him for protection, and informed him that we were foreigners

and British subjects, he escorted us with a file of soldiers to the outside of the church as far as the Via Cesarini, when he saluted us and left us. We went then to the residence of Mr. Jervoise, who requested us to put in writing the facts which came under our knowledge. We append our names:—W. Maziere Brady, D.D., a Viceregal chaplain in Ireland; William Winchester, M.A. Oxon., late of Her Majesty's Indian service; Dudley B. Coppinger, late Captain in Her Majesty's 54th Regiment; C. Bexley Vansittart, student of the University of London; M. Frances Lomax, Westfield-house, Lancashire; F. R. Vansittart, S. M. Coppinger, R. H. Buse, London.”

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—The election of officers of the St. Patrick's Society was held on the night of Monday, 3rd instant, and resulted in the following gentlemen being elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—President, Mr. M. J. Donovan; 1st Vice do, Mr. Jas. Howley; 2nd Vice do, Mr. P. Carroll; Treasurer, Mr. D. Lyons; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. M. O'Connor; Recording do, Mr. J. P. Whelan; Assistant do, Mr. D. Harrington.

IRISH CANADIAN INSTITUTE.—It must be a source of gratification to the members of the Irish Canadian Institute to know that a prominent member of the Institute, Mr. M. J. Donovan, was last night elected to the position of President of St. Patrick's Society.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this society, which took place in the Sacristy of the St. Patrick's Church on Tuesday evening, the following gentlemen were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—President, Thomas B. Fox; Vice-President, James Crompton; Treasurer, Robert Warren; Secretary, Wm. J. Brennan; Assistant Secretary, P. C. Warren; Librarian, M. Polan; Assistant Librarian, W. McNally. For Councilors:—John Kearney, B. Shea, Thos. J. Quinlan, E. Dowd, James Shea, J. Duane, B. Wall, D. Phelan, and P. Jones.

Our esteemed contemporary the *Courier du Canada* gives credence to the rumor that the elections for the legislature of the Province of Quebec, are soon to take place, and that the writs will issue immediately.

The ice in front of the City has shoved, and may be expected to go away quietly, and without causing an inundation in the lower parts of Griffintown.

The great University boat race came off on Saturday, and resulted in a victory for Cambridge.

THE VATICAN COUNCIL AND ITS DEFINITIONS.—A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy, by Henry Edward Archbishop of Westminster. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York and Montreal. Sent free by mail on receipt of One Dollar.

There is, and we fear even amongst Catholics, much deplorable ignorance as to the proceedings of the great Council of the Catholic Church, whose sessions, because of the invasion of Rome by the armies of Piedmont, and consequent triumph of brute force over the liberties of the Church, have for a season been suspended. What, however, it in the course of its sessions in the years '69 and '70, accomplished, is in the admirable Pastoral of His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster clearly narrated; and at the same time the arguments by which the great doctrine, now indeed for the first time proclaimed or defined, of the Infallibility of the Pope under certain conditions, may be defended against the adverse criticism of *Janus*, *Quirinus* and other writers of that school, are ably put forth. Not of course as furnishing the reason for accepting the doctrine itself—for the reason why the Catholic accepts it, is the same as that which causes him to accept any other doctrine of the Church—as an article of faith, and as a revealed truth; but as an answer to objections that may be urged by those who do not admit the existence on earth at the present day of an infallible teacher of divine truth: infallible because appointed to teach by Christ Himself.

CANADIAN BIOGRAPHY. THE LAST THREE BISHOPS APPOINTED BY THE CROWN FOR THE ANGLICAN CHURCH IN CANADA; by Jennings Taylor, Deputy Clerk, and Clerk Assistant of the Senate of Canada.

We have to return our thanks to the author for a copy of his work containing an interesting chapter in the biography of the notabilities of Canada. The subject is of course more interesting to the Protestant than to the Catholic section of the community, as it notes an epoch in the fortunes of their church, its entire separation from the State, and its acquisition of the boon—in this case a boon perhaps destined to be fatal—of freedom of action. Of the gentlemen Dr. Fulford, Dr. Mountain, and Dr. Strachan whose labors in the cause of the denomination to which they belonged, are narrated, the first named was well known to, and held in high esteem by, men of all shades of religious belief in Montreal. A ripe scholar, and a courteous gentleman, he won golden opinions from all, and his death was a serious loss which it will not be easy to replace. Of the literary merits of the work itself we may

say that it is exceedingly well written, its author having a very pleasant and attractive style; whilst the material execution is first rate, the printing, the paper, and the binding, being all of the very first quality. We need scarcely add, in the case of a gentleman like Mr. Taylor, that he has not a word which can offend or give pain to those of a different church, and that his book may be read by all. From the press generally, both in Canada and in England, it has received the highest eulogiums, and these we think have been well bestowed.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD—April, 1871. J. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. Price of subscription \$4.50 per annum; single copies, 45 cents.

The current number contains the following articles:—1. Unification and Education; 2. The Cross; 3. The House of York; 4. Sauntering; 5. Sor Juana Ines de la Cruz; Dion and the Sibyls; 7. Europe's Future; 8. Bishop Timon; 9. Gualberto's Victory; 10. Our Lady of Lourdes; 11. Our Northern Neighbors; 12. On the Higher Education; 13. The Warning; 14. Writing Materials of the Ancients; 15. Dona Fortuna and Don Dinero; 16. St. Francis of Assisi; 17. Letter from Rome; 18. New Publications.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.—March, 1871. Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Fair To See, part iii.; King's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses; Frank Marshall, part ii.; More Roba di Roma; The British Navy; A Retrospect of the War; The Sick Army, and its Doctors.

THE DORCHESTER STREET CEMETERY.—On Monday next at three o'clock there will be held at the Mechanics' Hall, under the presidency of His Worship the Mayor, a public meeting of citizens, whereat resolutions will be proposed praying the City Council to purchase the site of the old Catholic Cemetery south of Dorchester street, for the purpose of securing its conversion into a public park or recreation ground. We trust that there will be a full attendance of earnest supporters of the proposed most urgent sanitary measure. The present state of things is simply indecent and intolerable, a desecration of the dead, and a danger to the living. It is an invitation to pestilence the most hideous to take up its abode among our streets, it is a deliberately cruel preparation for a modern Massacre of the Innocents, for where the Plague smites with most gleeful fatality is among the ranks of the little children. To excavate the foundations of dwelling houses in such a soil, and there to erect tenements for human habitation may not be Murder, for the word is not to be used lightly, but most assuredly is a positive invocation of the Death Angel to hundreds of unsuspecting tenants, who but for the greed of the owners or vendors might otherwise live long in the land. And should the practice be persisted in it will become a very solemn duty of all who interest themselves in the sanitary condition of the community to use what influence may rest with them to deter the public from settlement upon a site so unfitted for building purposes. It has been objected to the plan of rescuing this plot of ground by means of its purchase for a public garden that to turn the soil that covers any remains of the dead into a carpet for recreation, even the mildest form would be to wound the sensibilities of many delicate-minded citizens. To this we reply by asking if the most celebrated and most beautiful cemeteries of the world are not all more or less recreation grounds. In *Pero la Chaise*, in *Glasnevin*, in *Kensal Green*, in *Greenwood*, in a dozen others we might easily mention, you will see upon any Sunday or festive day thousands of people of all sexes and ages strolling through to admire the beauty of the monumental architecture, and to inhale the sweet fragrance of the parterres. It were easy, if necessary, and as has been done in one or two similar cases in England, to erect a suitable monument for the purpose of marking the original character of the enclosure, and of reminding its inhabitants that it has been given them for no unseemly purpose. And it were surely better to plant over what remains of those we love a smooth green sward, bright with the pure loveliness of flowers and resonant with children's happy laughter, than to rake them up for the foundations either store or dwelling-house, or yet to enclose them in a hideous waste of solitude, a receptacle for broken bottles and dead dogs, an eyrie for the rambles of erratic goats or burghlarious pigs, a rendezvous for adventurous coats or whatever else can make night more hideous. We trust, therefore, that there may be no hesitation either at the meeting or in the Council but that for once a real civic improvement may be carried through with the ready unanimity its importance demands.—*Montreal Gazette, Saturday.*

PERSONAL.—A Toronto paper speaks thus flatteringly of Mr. M. Ryan's recent public appearance in this city. On Friday evening Mr. Matthew Ryan of Montreal delivered his promised lecture on "The Irish as a business people," which was listened to throughout with the keenest attention by an appreciative audience. As we have already given in these columns a fair synopsis of the lecture, we shall only say here that Mr. Ryan is one of the most pleasing speakers we have ever heard. His voice is musical and distinct, his diction and pronunciation faultless, and his appearance prepossessing and commanding. At the close of the lecture Mr. Ryan was, on motion of Mr. J. D. Merrick, tendered a hearty vote of thanks and the hope was expressed that he would shortly repeat the lecture or give another on a different subject. We believe it is Mr. Ryan's intention at an early day to meet the views of his friends—all of whom he has favourably impressed—in this respect.

EMIGRATION.—The steamer *Pomona*, of the Allan line will leave Liverpool for Quebec, on the 5th inst, with seven or eight hundred emigrants. This will be the first vessel out of this class, and it is to be hoped the emigrating season thus early commenced may be a prosperous one. Those who have friends in the old country whom they purpose to assist in coming here will learn with very great satisfaction that the Messrs. Allan have reduced the steerage passage to £4 sterling per adult.

In a letter addressed to *La Minerve* Mr. Raoul de Beauharnois characterizes the editor of *Le Courrier de Beauharnois* as "a despicable calumniator and felon" for insinuating that he (Mr. Beaujeu) had determined to be elected for the County of Soulanges against Mr. Coutlée, the local member, even at a cost of £2,000.

Mr. Colquhoun's seat in the Ontario Assembly for Stormont is about to be contested on the ground that it was obtained by "bad votes, open houses, threatening and corrupt practices."

An address calling on the Queen to intervene between the Pope and Vittorio Emanuele, is being numerously signed in all the parishes of the Diocese of Three Rivers.

The *Yamaska* is open to navigation, and the steamer *Notre Dame* left St. Hyacinthe on the 5th instant for St. Cesaire.

LANCASTER, April 1.—No. 3 down express train was thrown off the track about three miles above Lancaster this morning, through the breaking of a rail caused by the frost heaving the earth from the ties, two first class cars and the mail car were thrown off the track on the inside. The Pullman car merely ran off the rails and was not injured. All the passengers escaped without any injury excepting some slight bruises. The accident might have been much more serious, but for the timely applications of the brakes, Conductor G. Twain immediately got the train under second class car on the track, and brought the passengers up to Lancaster, where he took a first class car from No. 2 up express train, and proceeded to Montreal with but a slight delay. No. 2 express and No. 8 freight were detained here about 5 hours until the track was cleared and the rails repaired, and everything is now in good order.—*Gazette.*

REMIITTANCES RECEIVED. Hastings, T. Coughlin, \$2; Caraque, N.B., Rev. J. Pelletier, \$2; Wright, C. O'Connor, \$2; Emmitsburg, Iowa, E. P. McEvoy, \$1; Alexandria, H. McDonald, \$2; Norton Creek, J. Bulger, jr., \$2; St. Laurent, J. Murphy, \$2; Lachine, J. O'Flaherty, \$10; Casumpepe, P.E.I., Rev. J. A. McDonald, \$2. Per P. Nolan, Kingston—D. Bourke, \$4; Ruliton, Rev. Mr. Donohue, \$2. Per P. Lynch, Belleville—P. Dixon, Rev. J. Brennan, \$2; Sterling, M. Dempsey, \$2.

BREAKFAST.—EPPE'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in tin-lined packets, labelled—JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, London.

Birth. At No. 47 Juror Street, on the 3rd instant, the wife of Mr. John Burns, of a son.

Died. In this city, on the 21st ult., Sarah Ann, aged ten months, youngest daughter of Mr. Patrick McCaffrey.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, Middlings, Fine, Superior, Fancy, Extra, Superior Extra, Bag Flour, Oatmeal, Wheat, Ashes, Seconds, Thirds, First Pearls, Pork, Thin Mess, Prime, Butter, Cheese, Lard, Barley, Pease.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Flour, Oatmeal, Indian Meal, Wheat, Barley, Pease, Oats, Buckwheat, Indian Corn, Rye, Flax Seed, Timothy.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Beef, Pork, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Beef, Pork.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Potatoes, Turnips, Hares, Woodcock, Snipe, Plover.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Butter, Cheese, Onions, Maple Sugar, Honey, Lard, Eggs, Haddock, Apples, Hay, Straw.

HEARSE'S! HEARSE'S!! MICHAEL FERON, No 23 St. ANTOINE STREET. BEGS to inform the public that he has procured several new, elegant, and handsomely finished HEARSE'S, which he offers to the use of the public at very moderate charges. M. Feron will do his best to give satisfaction to the public. Montreal, March, 1871.

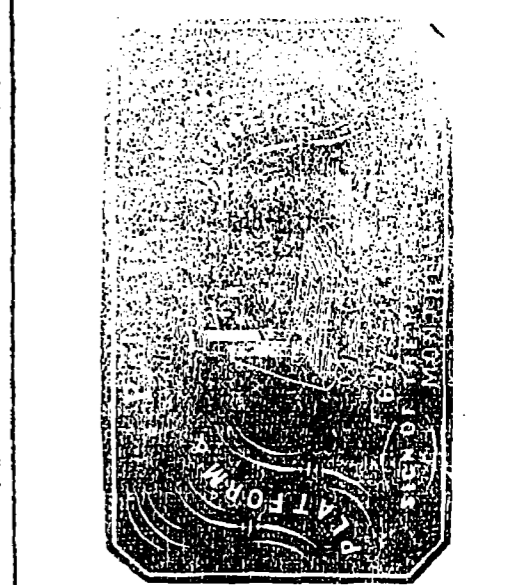
EMPLOYMENT WANTED. AN English Lady, well educated and experienced desires a situation as companion to an invalid, to superintend a house, or in any position of trust.—Apply to "M. L." True Witness Office.

CHURCH VESTMENTS, SACRED VASES, &c., &c.



T. L'AFRICAIN begs leave to inform the gentlemen of the Clergy and Religious Communities that he is constantly receiving from Lyons, France, large consignments of church goods, the whole of which he is instructed to dispose of on a mere commission. Chasubles, richly embroidered on gold cloth, \$30. 250 do. in Damask of all colors, trimmed with gold and silk lace, \$15. Copes in gold cloth, richly trimmed with gold lace and fringe, \$30. Gold and Silver cloths, from \$1.10 per yard. Coloured Damasks and Moires Antiques. Muslin and Lace Albs, rich. Ostensoriums, Chalice and Ciborium. Altar Candelsticks and Crucifixes. Lamps, Holy Water Fonts, &c., &c., &c. T. L'AFRICAIN, 382 Notre Dame St., Montreal, March 31, 1871.

SITUATION WANTED BY a person of long experience in the Tailoring business, capable of conducting a ready-made or custom trade. Country town in Upper Canada preferred. Ability in either department first class. Address "D. M. D." True Witness Office.



INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of PREFONTAINE & MOISAN, Traders of the City of Montreal, Insolvents. NOTICE is hereby given that FRANCOIS XAVIER MOISAN, one of the above insolvents has filed in my Office a deed of composition and discharge, executed by the proportion of his creditors as required by law, and that if no opposition is made to said deed of composition and discharge within three judicial days after the last publication of this notice, said three days expiring on Wednesday, the twenty-ninth day of March, instant, the undersigned Assignee will act upon said deed of composition and discharge according to the terms thereof. T. SAUVAGEAU, Assignee. Montreal, March 16th, 1871.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

In the matter of DAME MARGUERITE HARDY, Marchande Publique, carrying on business as a grocer, in the City of Montreal, Insolvent. THE Insolvent has made an assignment of her Estate to me, and the Creditors are notified to meet at her place of business, No. 32, Campeau Street, in the City and District of Montreal, on Monday, the third day of April next, at three o'clock P.M., to receive statements of her affairs and to appoint an Assignee. T. SAUVAGEAU, Interim Assignee. Montreal, March 15, 1871.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, SUPERIOR COURT, Dist. of Montreal. In the matter of FRANCOIS VILLENEUVE, Insolvent. On Tuesday, the eighteenth day of April next, the undersigned will apply to the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. FRANCOIS VILLENEUVE, By HOMERUS & LACOSTE, His Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE DIST. OF MONTREAL. The Fifteenth day of March, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-One. No. 1064. PRESENT The Honourable Mr. JUSTICE BERTHELOT. JOHN H. BOUTERRELL and EDMUND H. BOUTERRELL, of the City and District of Montreal, merchants, co-partners, carrying on business as such at Montreal aforesaid, under the name and style of John Henderson & Co., Plaintiffs. LOUIS RENAUD, junior, of the same place, gentleman. Defendant.

IT IS ORDERED, on the motion of Messrs T. & C. C. DeLorimier, of Counsel for the Plaintiffs, in as much as it appears by the return of Noel Roy, one of the Bailiffs of the Superior Court of Lower Canada, acting in the District of Montreal on the writ of summons in this cause issued, written, that the Defendant has left his domicile in the Province of Quebec in Canada, and cannot be found in the District of Montreal, that the said Defendant by an advertisement to be twice inserted in the French language, in the newspaper of the City of Montreal, called "La Minerve," and twice in the English language, in the newspaper of the said City, called the "True Witness," be notified to appear before this Court, and there to answer the demand of the Plaintiffs within two months after the last insertion of such advertisement, and upon the neglect of the said Defendant to appear and to answer to such demand within the period aforesaid, the said Plaintiffs will be permitted to proceed to trial, and judgment as in a cause by default. HUBERT, PAPINEAU & HONEY, C. C. O.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

PARIS, March 28.—This afternoon a sub-committee was formed consisting of 12 members—Massy is the chief President and Garibaldi the honorary President of the committee. Decrees were issued for the formation of 25 battalions of infantry, 20 batteries of artillery, and 15 batteries of mitrailleuses. The National Guards are to be paid 2 1/2 francs daily. Gen. Duval organizes the artillery, Henry the infantry, and Bergeret the cavalry, they are authorized to levy requisitions on everything. Goughier, a member of the committee, commands the gunboats in the Seine. Flourans has resigned. Volgramie is suspended and Garibaldi has been offered the supreme command of the National Guards. It is not known whether he will accept. The communes will be officially proclaimed on Thursday next. Of 330,000 registered voters in Paris only 130,000 voted.

March 29.—At noon yesterday Paris was quiet, and the insurgent committee still retained all important positions.

The commune was proclaimed in the Place de la Hotel de Ville at four o'clock yesterday afternoon. The approaches to the place was filled by an enormous crowd of the nationals, who often raised their caps on the points of their bayonets, at the same time cheering the Republic. Sixty guns had been collected in the place, and salvos of artillery were repeatedly fired.

The Bank of France has again advanced 5,000,000 francs to the insurgents.

The Prussians are concentrating at L'Isle Adam, near Paris, and will remain there until the disorder in the city is at an end.

The garrison of Paris, at the request of a deputation, who telegraphed to Berlin, may be increased to 80,000 men, double the stipulated number.

The Thiers Government is said to have joined interests with the Comte de Chambord and the Bourbon sympathisers, and to intend to organize a Parliament on the model of that of England. As a first step the Assembly has taken occasion to quarrel with the Orleansists.

LONDON, March 31.—The evening edition of the Times contains a letter describing the situation in Paris as critical. The gravest apprehension was felt in all quarters, measures of proscription were secretly enforced everywhere, and the significant word, "Guillotine!" though spoken only in whispers, is in everybody's mouth.

Advices from Paris state at noon yesterday the sub-committee remitted its powers to the Communal Council, and a proclamation announcing the fact to the citizens was at once issued. A decree was also made public, abolishing the conscription, stating that no force except National Guards will be introduced into Paris, and ordering that all able-bodied male citizens shall belong to the National Guards.

Another decree remits lodgers' rents from October 7 to April 7, and says, rents to be paid shall be reckoned by months. The sale of all pawned articles is suspended.

Another decree orders all public officials on pain of dismissal to disregard orders emanating from the Versailles Government.

Paris grows sadder in appearance daily. One hundred and sixty thousand people have left the city within the past ten days.

Chaplains are ordered to cease the performance of mass in prisons.

PARIS, March 31.—All is consternation. The watchword of the Commune is, "Death to the rich!" "Death to landowners!" "Death to priests!" Decrees confiscating Church property have been prepared. Denunciations of suspects are made hourly, and many persons have been arrested. The guillotine will soon be erected. Inmates of many houses have been marked as good for the guillotine.

The World's special contains the following:—"The Government has completed arrangements for moving against Paris. Troops will move simultaneously with the Germans along the line by Montmartre and Bercy. Learning this, the Commune have resolved to march on Versailles to-night with 30,000 National Guards, via Montrouge and Camp Sartony, where the infantry line is stationed. Overcoming or fraternizing with these, they will proceed to Versailles, and disperse the Assembly.

A special despatch to the London Times anticipates an approaching struggle which must be of a desperate character.

Le Vengneur threatens the forcible ejection of the National Assembly from Versailles.

The Insurgents seem to be confident that the Government troops will not fight.

A proclamation from the Commune predicts universal republic.

The insurrection in Marseilles is dying out. Lyons is quiet.

Nothing can be worse than the political feeling in Algeria at the present moment. All power is in the hands of the ultra-Republicans, who only wish for a return of '93, and declare open war against the Church, her Priests, and, above all, her religious orders. At Tlencen, in the province of Oran, they have taken all the schools away from the Sisters of the Holy Trinity and the Christian Brothers, and appointed secular instructors. But the parents will not send their children: who consequently are all in the streets. At Milliana three members of the Council came to visit the classes of the Sisters of Christian Doctrine; and were furious at finding a Crucifix and a Blessed Virgin in the class-rooms. "It faut balayer tout cela," they exclaimed to the Superior. At Algiers they have equally taken away the schools and classes and house of the Sisters of Charity of S. Vincent de Paul, in which there were above 800 children, and gave them only 12 hours to find a new lodging for the Community. But the people would not allow their children to go to any other teachers. So they

made a subscription and hired some school-rooms in the town, where the Sisters go and teach them, but, of course, without the Government subsidy. They now talk of taking away the dispensary from them, saying that the Sisters exercise "a moral effect on the people," which must be put a stop to! And let not our Protestant friends imagine that it is a Protestant movement in any way. On the contrary; the Bible is as much objected to as the Crucifix. One of the Commissioners seized a Testament from the hands of a child the other day on the occasion of one of these domiciliary visits, and turning to the Sisters, exclaimed, "You dare teach this?" "Yes, Sir," she replied, "I am a Religious; and whether you will or no, I shall teach the children religion." And these scenes are being perpetually re-enacted. The new Governor of Algeria, who has replaced the good and charitable MacMahon, is one of the worst specimens of his class, and has openly declared for the expulsion of the clergy, the closing of the churches, and the deportation of all religious orders. Happily the Sisters do not lose heart, and say that though the Devil may be apparently let loose on the earth just now, there is a promise that his time will be short. In the meantime there is a great increase of fervour among the good: continual Novenas and Acts of Reparation, and Expositions of the Blessed Sacrament and Processions, in the churches which are crowded at all hours; so that we must hope that the "ten just men" will save this beautiful country from the horrors of revolution and systematic infidelity, which now threaten to overwhelm it as with a flood.

ZEAL AND DEVOTION OF THE FRENCH JESUITS.—The Jesuits at Metz are seventy-five in number, who are employed in educating and instructing about 500 students. 350 of these are boarders. The College of S. Clement, which is under their direction, is one of the most important in all France. When the war broke out they lost no time in sending their establishment, together with the whole of their staff, for the purpose of an ambulance. Accordingly, since the 14th of August up to the beginning of December, they have nursed upwards of 500 wounded men under their own roof. Moreover, many of them have been serving day and night in the ambulances and hospitals of the city. Within the walls of their own college they devoted themselves exclusively to the care of the sick. They prepared the food and the medicines, kept the beds and rooms clean, dressed and cleansed the wounds of the sufferers, performed the most loathsome offices for them, and two of them kept watch all through the night in their sick-rooms during the whole of the time above-mentioned. Both officers and privates, touched by such zeal and devotedness, presented the good Fathers with an address expressive of their gratitude, signed by all the officers and all the common soldiers who had been cared for at S. Clement's. It was addressed to the rector of the college, and appeared in the Belgian newspapers. Not satisfied with this, they resolved to set up in the church belonging to the college a monument on which should be engraved the expression of their gratitude, and they handed to the rector the plan of the monument, together with the sum of money which was required to erect it. Nor was this grateful acknowledgment undeserved, for no fewer than twenty-four of the Fathers and Brothers fell ill of small-pox, typhus fever, and dysentery. Four of them died, and one is at the present moment so ill as to be beyond hope of recovery. Nor did the Jesuit Fathers confine themselves to the work of charity which we have had the honour to chronicle, for on the 14th of October they opened their day-school, although the greater part of the building which had not been given up for the ambulance was occupied by the troops, and from that time they underwent the fatigue of teaching, in addition to that of ministering to the wounded. Fifty-four of the Fathers are still devoting themselves to this noble task in the College of S. Clement.

SPAIN.

Bitter complaints are made against the new Government for its persecution of the clergy. The Bishops of Osona and Cartagena are suffering for having spoken of civil marriage in accordance with the teaching of the Church and the Catholic press is subjected to restrictions and official discouragements of an unmistakably Italian character. The Duke of Montpensier and General Contreas, Cheste Calonge, and others have been ordered to retire to the Castle of Mola, in Mahon, till further instructions, in consequence of their refusing to take the oaths to the new King.

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—FLORENCE, March 31.—A financial convention with Austria has been ratified. In the North of Italy matters are little quieter or more assured. The Garibaldian Legion is returning in large numbers from France, and is being quartered, or rather "interned," in the towns of Liguria; Ventimiglia, Savona, and San Remo appear to be full of the "canalic rosse." Mrs. Jessie White Mario is writing a history of the share the Legion took in the campaign. By all accounts her own courage was much more conspicuous under fire than was that of any of her heroes.

ROME.—LONDON, March 31.—It is stated from Rome that Cardinal Antonelli has resigned the office of Secretary of State in the Papal Cabinet.

A correspondent of a contemporary states that the Pope holds in his hand, if not already transmitted through their representatives at Rome, for presentation to the courts of Europe, a document against the usurpation of Rome, signed by 60,000 of its citizens, among whom there is neither a minor, a female, nor a priest. In this, the Pope's plebiscite, all the names and addresses are given in full.

SOUVERAINS IN RUSSIA.—The proselytising sys-

tem, with which Irish Catholics are tolerably familiar, is now in full swing at Rome. But there the evil is more dangerous than it ever could be in Ireland, since its promoters, besides feeding their victims, seek to entice them by the allurements of immorality. The programme of the *Liberi pensatori* comprises the abolition of baptism, and of religious marriages and burials.

A well-known English Lady, has replied to an invitation to be presented to the Piedmontese Princesses at the Quirinal very curtly as follows:—"Dear Princess Teavo, I received your note and I decline your offer."

PROPOSED EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS FROM ROME.—Their persecutors have been the greatest friends of the Jesuits, and that for two reasons: first, because they increase their numbers by persecution; and secondly, by expressing fear of them, they show the power of the institution and glorify it. The war against the venerable Company of Jesus dates from 1848, the year when they were dispersed and treated with every kind of cruelty. At the beginning of 1850 there were more than four thousand Jesuits in the whole world. Ten years afterwards persecution had increased their numbers to nearly seven thousand. But in 1860, by the invasion of the Marches and Umbria, a new war burst forth against the meritorious Company—a war which still continues, and now threatens to become more terrible than ever.—And yet, during the ten years from 1860 to 1870 nearly two thousand were added to their numbers. The exact figures are: in 1850, 4,600; in 1860, 6,897; and in 1870, 8,837. Of these 8,837, there are 2,551 lay coadjutors, 2,417 students, and 2,869 priests. Now let us prove the second point. Of these 3,862 Jesuits priests, more than three thousand are out of Italy. If from the small number of those who remain in Italy we deduct the aged and the sick, there will remain only a few hundred in the whole Kingdom of Italy; and Italy is in great dread of these few priests, and, notwithstanding her civil, military, and pecuniary resources, fear that she will be overpowered by these unarmed men, and is preparing and studying a law for their total extermination. What a confession of her own weakness! What an immense honour to the Company of Jesus.

AUSTRIA.

(From Times Correspondent.)

VIENNA.—The telegraphic correspondence between the German Emperor and the Czar of Russia, published in the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, has produced here a very unpleasant impression:—"Never will Prussia forget that it owes it to you that the war has not taken the greatest dimensions. May God bless you for it."

Your grateful friend for life.

So says the German Emperor, and the Czar replies:—"I feel happy at having been able to prove to you my sympathies as a devoted friend. May the friendship which ties us together secure the happiness and glory of both countries."

In a moment of success we are all more or less given to "gushing," and the successes achieved by the Emperor William are certainly such as to turn the coolest head. Considering the ties of relationship and personal friendship which exist between the two Sovereigns, the Emperor William may be quite forgiven for expressing to his nephew and friend the feelings by which he must needs be agitated, nor is there any reason why a happy man, feeling his own superiority, should not magnanimously give a morsel of it to those he loves, and tell them that they have an almost greater share in the success than he has had himself. But the thing sounds very different if such effusions and civilities are pompously heralded forth to the world in such a moment as this; they receive almost the importance of a political programme. It is more than probable that when the Emperor William sent off his telegram and received the courteous answer to it, he never thought, and much less intended, that it should make the round of Europe, for, however much he may have felt elated by success, he could not overlook that attributing to Russia the whole and exclusive merit of having prevented the war from gaining larger dimensions was implying a slur on all the other neutral Powers which was not exactly calculated to make them judge with greater indulgence the hard conditions just imposed on France and to reassure them about the possible effects of the close intimacy between the two largest military Powers of Europe.

What must be above all the feelings in this country at this sudden demonstrative revival of intimacy between her two powerful neighbours? What faith can be placed in the sincerity of those expressions of grateful recognition for the loyal manner in which this country has interpreted and maintained its neutrality, if now it is indirectly accused of having done so merely out of fear of a war with Russia? What value can we attribute to those offers of friendship which in the innocence of our hearts we hastened to reciprocate? Is it not justifying the warnings of those who sneered at them, and depreciating the efforts of those who trust more to the natural law of attraction between nations than to the whims of Sovereigns, and who know that Sovereigns pass away and nations remain?

Those who take the mildest view of this occurrence are inclined to think that the Emperor William when he in the fulness of his heart telegraphed to his nephew forgot the possible, nay probable, effects of his effusion. Nowhere probably has the position achieved by Germany been looked upon with greater jealousy than in Russia. There seems a natural repulsion existing between the German and Slavonic races, something like that existing between the Anglo-Saxon and the Red Indian in America. Wherever they meet the Slavonic gradually disappears before the German; the eastern provinces of Prussia have all once been Sla-

vonian, as you can see from the names of villages and towns, as well as of families, and now not a word of the old language is heard, and even the Poles, who elsewhere have been so tenacious in their struggle against the kindred Russian, are losing more and more ground in Posen. This ethnological fact has found its way into the Russian people as an instinct, which is constantly kept alive by the German connexions of the dynasty, and by the influence which the Germans of the Baltic provinces have acquired in St. Petersburg.

NEW YORK, March 22.—At a session of the Fenian Brotherhood to-day, John Savage, chief of the Executive made a long address. He took occasion to rebuke the exiles recently arrived from Ireland for their dictatorial course in seeking to destroy the Fenian organization in this country that they might establish a secret directory composed of themselves for the custody of the funds of the organization. The resolve not to yield the name "Fenian" was enthusiastically carried.

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILLS.—When Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the fell destroyer, Consumption, it does more than most physicians can do. The use of a single bottle, costing one dollar, will satisfy the incredulous that they need look no further for the required aid.

Our modern courses of living begets a condition of the body that requires occasional relief. The system becomes encumbered, deranged, clogged and labors in its task. The mind sympathizes with it and both sink, or are depressed together. To restore the vital energies, purge the system—cleanse the blood—take Ayer's Pills.—Glasgow (Ky) Free Press.

HEADACHES

Generally proceed from derangements of the stomach and liver, and no medicine yet discovered, so certainly, speedily, and thoroughly cleanses, tones, and regulates these organs as Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills. Edward Warren, of Clinton Street, Brooklyn, writes, under date January 13, 1862:—"After having suffered eight years from constantly recurring sick headache, two vials of Bristol's Sugar Coated Pills cured me. This was five months ago, and I have had no relapse." Mrs. Mary Wilson, wife of Robert Wilson, of Great Jones Street, New York, says:—"Your Pills have restored me to the enjoyment of life. I had been in almost constant misery with bilious headache for many years. No medicine seemed to touch the complaint until I tried your Pills. They have not only banished the disease, but wonderfully improved my general health." In all cases arising from or aggravated by impure blood or humors, Bristol's Sarsaparilla should be used in connection with the Pills.

Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, H. R. Gray, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all dealers in medicine.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER is rapidly sending to oblivion a host of toilet waters which have long been a disgrace to the dressing-room, and a nuisance to persons of refined taste. Less expensive than the European Extracts, it is as pure, delicate and lasting a floral essence, while it possesses superior cosmetic properties. Gentleman, whose skins resent the manipulation of the razor, can immediately mollify the irritation of the surface, by moistening the "chin new reaped" with this balsamic cooling and fragrant essence of tropical flowers.

Beware of counterfeits: always ask for the legitimate Murray & Lanman's Florida Water, prepared only by Lanman & Kemp, New York. All others are worthless. Agents for Montreal—Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, H. R. Gray, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all Dealers in Medicine.

DIFFERENT AS LIFE FROM DEATH.—This is the distinction between Bristol's Sarsaparilla and all Mercurial Medicines. The latter poison the blood, the former purifies and invigorates it. When the seeds of death have been introduced into the veins by the use of mineral nostrums nothing will arrest the march of the victim to the grave save this poison-conquering antidote. So also when the virus of natural disease, working through the venous system, is developed in scrofulous ulcers, cancers, tumors, carbuncles, white-swellsings, felons, eruptions, or any other fearful external malady, the great remedy acts chemically upon the depraved blood and other animal fluids, changing them as if by a miracle, to pure and nourishing streams, bearing health and vigor into the organs through which they flow. For sale by:

J. F. Henry & Co., Montreal, General Agents for Canada. For sale in Montreal by Devins & Bolton, Lamplough & Campbell, Davidson & Co., K. Campbell & Co., J. Gardner, J. A. Harte, Picault & Son, J. Goulden, R. S. Latham, and all dealers in Medicine.

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF AN OLD NURSE.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best Female Physicians and Nurses in the United States, and has been used for thirty years with never-failing safety and success by millions of mothers and children, from the feeble infant of one week old to the adult. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, and gives rest, health, and comfort to mother and child. We believe it the best and surest remedy in the world, in all cases of DYSENTERY and DIARRHOEA IN CHILDREN, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. Full directions for using will accompany each bottle. None genuine unless the fac-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS is on the outside wrapper. Sold by all Medicine Dealers. 25 cents a bottle. Office, 215 Fulton street, New York; and 493 Oxford street, London.

Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Having the fac-simile of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations.

SORE THROAT, COUGH, COLD, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious Pulmonary, Bronchial and Asthmatic affections, oftentimes incurable.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are compounded so as to reach directly the seat of the disease and give almost instant relief. The Troches are offered with the fullest confidence in their efficacy; they have been thoroughly tested and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. For Public Speakers, Singers, Military Officers and those who overtax the voice,

they are useful in relieving an Irritated Throat, and will render articulation easy. Being an article of true merit, and having proved their efficacy by test of many years, each year finds them in new localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

Obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

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ON OUTSIDE WRAPPER OF BOX, AND PRIVATE GOVERNMENT STAMP ATTACHED TO EACH BOX. THIS CARE IN PUTTING THE TROCHES IS IMPORTANT AS A SECURITY TO THE PURCHASER IN ORDER TO BE SURE OF OBTAINING THE GENUINE BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, May, 1867

THE Subscriber, in withdrawing from the late firm of Messrs. A. & D. Shannon, Grocers, of this city, for the purpose of commencing the Provision and Produce business would respectfully inform his late patrons and the public that he has opened the Store, No. 443 Commissioners Street, opposite St. Ann's Market, where he will keep on hand and for sale a general stock of provisions suitable to this market, comprising in part of FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, BUTTER, CHEESE, PORK, HAMS, LARD, HERRINGS, DRIED FISH, DRIED APPLES, SHIP BREAD, and every article connected with the provision trade, &c., &c.

He trusts that from his long experience in buying the above goods when in the grocery trade, as well as from his extensive connections in the country, he will thus be enabled to offer inducements to the public unsurpassed by any house of the kind in Canada.

Consignments respectfully solicited. Prompt returns will be made. Cash advances made equal to two-thirds of the market price. References kindly permitted to Messrs. Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., and Messrs. Tiffin Brothers.

D. SHANNON, COMMISSION MERCHANT, And Wholesale Dealer in Produce and Provisions, 451 Commissioners Street, Opposite St. Ann's Market. June 14th, 1870. 12m.

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FOR the Municipality of St. Sylvester, a school mistress, able to teach the English language chiefly, and also the French, for young beginners, with a diploma for elementary schools. Salary, £23.

Direct to Mr. JEAN LESSARD, Sec.-Treas.

INFORMATION WANTED.

OF JOSEPH COX, a native of Belturbet, Co. Cavan, Ireland, who emigrated to Montreal, in 1840, with his sister Jane Cox. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister the said Jane Cox, 24 Atlantic Corporation, Laurence Mass., U.S.

JOHN CROWE, BLACK AND WHITE SMITH, BELL-HANGER, SAFE-MAKER, AND GENERAL JOBBER, No. 37, BONAVENTURE STREET, No. 37, Montreal.

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BURNS & MARKUM, (Successors to Kearney & Bro.) PLUMBERS, GAS & STEAMFITTERS, TIN & SHEET IRON WORKERS, &c., No. 675, CRAIG STREET, 675, (Two Blocks West of Bleury) MONTREAL. JOBBING PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO.

NOTICE. THE Partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned as Ten and General Commission Merchants, under the name style and firm of CUVILLIER & CO., was dissolved by mutual consent on the 9th of March, 1871.

Signed, MAURICE CUVILLIER, D. P. BEATTIE, CHAS. A. WALTERS. And Maurice Cuvillier and Chas. A. Walters will continue to carry on the business of the late firm under the name and style of CUVILLIER & CO.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869. In the matter of EDMOND GATES, Trader, Joliette, Insolvent.

A dividend sheet has been prepared, open to objection until the fourteenth day of March next (1871), after which dividend will be paid. Joliette, 27 February, 1871. A. MAGNAN, Assignee.

HIGH COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

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THE RE-OPENING of the CLASSES of this grand and popular Institution, will take place on THURSDAY, FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

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1st and 2nd years.—Grammar Classes.

MATTERS:  
1st Simple reading, accentuation and declension;  
2nd An equal and solid study of French and English syntax;  
3rd Arithmetic in all its branches; Mental calculation;  
4th Different styles of writing;  
5th Reading of Manuscripts;  
6th Rudiments of book-keeping.  
7th An abridged view of Universal History.

2ND SECTION.  
3rd year.—Business Class.  
This department is provided with all the mechanism necessary for initiating the business students to the practice of the various branches—counting and exchange office—banking department—telegraph office—fac-similes of notes, bills, drafts, &c., in use in all kinds of commercial transactions—News department, comprising the leading journals of the day in English and French. The reading room is furnished at the expense of the College, and is chiefly intended to post the pupils of the "Business Class" on current events, commerce, &c.  
N.B.—This class forms a distinct and complete course, and may be followed without going through any of the other classes.

MATTERS.  
1st Book-keeping in its various systems; the most simple as well as the most complicated;  
2nd Commercial arithmetic;  
3rd Commercial correspondence;  
4th Calligraphy;  
5th A Treatise on commercial law;  
6th Telegraphy;  
7th Banking (exchange, discount, custom commissions);  
8th Insurance;  
9th Stenography;  
10th History of Canada (for students who follow the entire course).

3RD AND LAST SECTION.  
4th year.—Class of Polite Literature.  
MATTERS.  
1st Belles Lettres—Rhetoric; Literary Composition;  
2nd Contemporary History;  
3rd Commercial and historical Geography;  
4th Natural History;  
5th Horticulture (flowers, trees, &c.);  
6th Architecture;  
7th A treatise on domestic and political Economy.

MATTERS.  
1st Course of moral Philosophy;  
2nd Course of civil Law.  
3rd Study of the civil and political Constitution of the Dominion of Canada.  
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CARPENTER, JOINER and BUILDER, constantly keeps a few good Jobbing Hands.  
All Orders left at his Shop, No 10, St. EDWARD STREET, (off Bleury), will be punctually attended to.  
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For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.  
Probably never before in the whole history of medicine, has anything won so widely and so deeply upon the confidence of mankind, as this excellent remedy for pulmonary complaints. Through a long series of years, and among most of the races of men it has risen higher and higher in their estimation, as it has become better known. Its uniform character and power to cure the various affections of the lungs and throat, have made it known as a reliable protector against them. While adapted to milder forms of disease and to young children, it is at the same time the most effectual remedy that can be given for incipient consumption, and the dangerous affections of the throat and lungs. As the provision against sudden attacks of Croup, it should be kept on hand in every family, and indeed as all are sometimes subject to colds and coughs, all should be provided with this antidote for them. Although settled Consumption is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the Cherry Pectoral. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the Cherry Pectoral they subside and disappear. Singers and Public Speakers find great protection from it. Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it. Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the Cherry Pectoral in small and frequent doses. For a Cough and Cold, no better remedy can be had. Take small doses three times a day and put the feet in warm water at night, until the disease is broken up. For Diffculty, when it affects the throat or lungs, take the same course. For Whooping Cough, give small doses three or four times a day. For Croup, give large and frequent doses until the disease is overcome. No family should be without the Cherry Pectoral on hand to protect them, in case of attack, from the above complaints. Its timely use often spares the patient a great amount of suffering and risk, which he would incur by waiting until he could get other aid. Parents, keep it in your houses for the exigencies that arise. Lives dear to you may be saved by it. So generally are its virtues known, that we need not publish certificates of them here, or do more than assure the public that the best qualities it ever possessed are strictly maintained. Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass., and sold all round the world.

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The Subscriber has opened this Establishment with a large and unequalled Stock of

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In endless variety, which he now has the pleasure to offer at Wholesale Prices. He has unusual facilities for purchasing his Stock, having had a long experience in the Wholesale Trade, and will import direct from the manufactures in England, giving his Customers the manifest advantages derived from this course. In the CLOTH HALL, are, at present employed, five Experienced Cutters, engaged in getting up MENS' and YOUTHS' CLOTHING for the Spring Trade. Gentlemen, leaving their orders, may depend upon good Cloth, a Perfect Fit, Stylish Cut, and Prompt Delivery. L. KENNY (Late Master Tailor to Her Majesty's Royal Engineers) is Superintendent of the Order Department. Inspection is respectfully invited.

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GENERAL AGENT FOR THE  
SINGER MANUFACTURING  
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The "HOWE," the "ETNA," and the "FLORENCE"  
SEWING MACHINES,  
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Lawlor's Family Lock-Stitch.

IN consequence of the rapidly increasing demand for the GENUINE SINGER SEWING MACHINES, I have made arrangements with the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY of New York, which enables me to keep constantly in stock THEIR CELEBRATED FAMILY & MANUFACTURING MACHINES.

the superior qualities of which are unquestionable. Instead of giving out to what may be claimed about Gold Medals, Paris Exhibitions, &c., intending purchasers would do well to examine for themselves Singer's latest improved Family Sewing Machine with attachments for Hemming, Felling, Braiding, Binding, Cording, Gathering, Tucking, Quilting, Embroidering, &c. Lawlor's Patent Family Lock-Stitch is in every respect, and without any exception, the best Sewing Machine sold in the Dominion of Canada at prices varying from \$25 to \$33, and a mere glance at the motions of this Machine, which are based upon the most practical and scientific principles, will substantiate the above assertion to the entire satisfaction of every visitor. Factory: 48 Nazareth St.; Salesrooms: 365 Notre Dame St., Montreal. BRANCH OFFICES: Quebec, 22 St. John Street; St. John, N.B., 82 King Street; Halifax, N.S., 103 Barrington St.

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Capital, TWO MILLIONS Sterling.  
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The Company is Enabled to Direct the Attention of the Public to the Advantages Afforded in this branch:  
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The Directors invite Attention to a few of the Advantages the "Royal" offers to its Assured:  
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H. L. ROUTH,  
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February 1, 1870.

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For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color.  
A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a  
**HAIR DRESSING,**  
nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume.  
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,  
PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS,  
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PRICE \$1.00.

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COMMENCING ON  
**MONDAY, OCTOBER 16th**  
The Subscriber will sell the  
**ENTIRE STOCK-IN-TRADE**  
OF  
**STAPLE & FANCY GOOD**  
OF THE LATE FIRM OF  
Messrs. DUFRESNE, GREY & CO.,  
INSOLVENTS,  
And will continue each day and evening until the whole is disposed of.

It is almost unnecessary to say anything in favor of this Stock. The house has been celebrated for their choice assortment of the Newest and Most Fashionable Goods imported direct by one of the Firm, thus saving the large profit of the Wholesale Merchant. Take, then, into consideration the fact of the Stock being purchased from the Official Assignee at one-half the original cost, and you will easily see that no house in the trade can offer such inducements. The Stock will be sold at the OLD STAND, 454 NOTRE DAME STREET, NEAR MCGILL. P. McLAUGHLIN, Manag.

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**SPECTACLES RENDERED USELESS.**  
**OLD EYES MADE NEW.**  
All diseases of the eye successfully treated by Ball's new Patent Ivory Eye-Cups. Read for yourself and restore your sight. Spectacles and Surgical operations rendered useless. The Inestimable Blessing of Sight is made perpetual by the use of the new Patent Improved Ivory Eye Cups.

Many of our most eminent physicians, oculists, students, and divines, have had their sight permanently restored for life, and cured of the following diseases:—  
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Any one can use the Ivory Eye Cups without the aid of Doctor or Medicine, so as to receive immediate beneficial results and never wear spectacles; or, if using now, to lay them aside forever. We guarantee a cure in every case where the directions are followed, or we will refund the money.

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From honest Farmers, Mechanics and Merchants; some of them the most eminent leading professional and political men and women of education and refinement, in our country, may be seen at our office. Under date of March 29, Hon. Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, writes: "J. Ball, of our city, is a conscientious and responsible man, who is incapable of intentional deception or imposition."  
Prof. W. Merrick, of Lexington, Ky., wrote April 24th, 1869: "Without my Spectacles I pen you this note, after using the Patent Ivory Eye Cups thirteen days, and this morning perused the entire contents of a Daily News Paper, and all with the unassisted Eye."  
Truly am I grateful to your noble invention, may Heaven bless and preserve you. I have been using spectacles twenty years; I am seventy-one years old.  
Truly Yours, PROF. W. MERRICK.  
REV. JOSEPH SMITH, Mulden, Mass., Cured of Partial Blindness, of 18 Years Standing in One Minute, by the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups.  
E. C. Ellis, Late Mayor of Dayton, Ohio, wrote us Nov. 15th, 1869: "I have tested the Patent Ivory Eye-Cups, and I am satisfied they are good. I am pleased with them; they are certainly the Greatest Invention of the age."  
All persons wishing for full particulars, certificates of cures, prices, &c., will please send your address to us, and we will send our treatise on the Eye, of forty-four Pages, free by return mail. Write to Dr. J. BALL & CO., P. O. Box 957, No. 91 Liberty Street, New York.  
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